

THE
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ART. I.—THE STRONG CHARACTER.*

THE most casual observation enables us to discover that there is a vast difference between men. Although the primary elements of human nature are undoubtedly the same everywhere, yet these elements are blended in such various proportions and such peculiar combinations, that the individual men who compose the race are as diverse in their personal characteristics as it is possible for us to conceive them to be consistently with an innate and original unity. The human world is thus marked by the same diversity, which distinguishes the natural world; and as the two are indeed intimately connected, the one being the stage or platform on which the other stands,—the human world thus forming the connecting link between the world of matter and an invisible and spiritual world, and as both are the works of the same great author, both are characterized in every sphere of them by the great law of God's creation, *variety in unity, and unity in variety*. The inanimate world of nature is composed of a certain definite number of original elements. Science at the present state of her investigations cannot pronounce positively upon the number of such elements. She has discovered some three-score substances which resist all efforts to decompose them and she has put them in the category of original elements. She pretends not to affirm that all of them are absolutely uncompoundable, but that her crucible can resolve them no farther: and she can affirm with certainty that a limited and definite number of

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such elements do exist,—and the probability is that they do not very much exceed or fall short of the number she has assigned. As new ones are discovered old ones will yield to the torture of her fiery ordeal. Now from this limited and comparatively insignificant number of elements the world of matter is composed. And what a world it is! Its various forms of existence defy all numerical estimate. Its myriad combinations with all their various properties, and accidents, and uses, defy all description. The mind is lost and bewildered in the effort to grasp, and classify the variety and multiplicity of its products. They are so widely diverse as in many cases not to have a single property in common. They range from the rock-built masses of the great world itself, its towering peaks and vast forests, to the smallest tint which the microscope discovers in the eye of an animalcule, or the delicate odour which the opening flower scatters upon the morning breeze. The products of the vegetable world alone, could they pass in procession before us, would out-rival a thousand times in glittering splendor and gorgeous variety, a Roman triumph on the day of Cæsar's proudest entry into the imperial city. All this, you notice, is the result of combinations in different affinities and proportions, among about three-score elements. By the obvious law of mutation by which every integer is made to combine with every other, and with every possible combination of any and each of the others, the variety of results possible with sixty integers is, to all intents and purposes, as far as human comprehension is concerned, infinite.

Let us now pursue the same train of thought with reference to the human world. Strictly speaking, we suppose there is but one primary spiritual element in human nature. We are disposed to think that the truest philosophy which regards the soul as a unit, uncompounded and indivisible, and in all men generically the same. But this simple, spiritual essence is possessed of faculties or attributes, which are simply the different directions or modes in which its activity is manifested. And these faculties, though strictly secondary, may be regarded with perfect propriety as original elements in the formation of human character. These primary elements in human nature, i. e., these directions in which the soul puts forth its activity singly and in straight lines, so to speak,—are doubtless much fewer than the primary elements in the world of matter. And in determining and designating these, philosophy is even more in perplexity than science is in the other

case; and on the subject philosophers themselves have ever been at loggerheads. But withal it is perfectly safe to assume that there are certain faculties, or directions of the soul's activity, and that these are capable of influencing and modifying each other, so as to give rise to endless combinations, and complex mental activities. Instead of the mind always acting in straight lines—to pursue the illustration a little farther, for it is but an illustration—it is thus made to act in curved lines, and lines passing from many divergent points, and crossing and re-crossing each other in every direction, thus marking out every conceivable figure on the chart of mental activity. It thus results that although the original faculties of the soul may be comparatively few, they are capable of such varied combinations, and such complex activities, as to give rise to every conceivable type of individual character. And so true is this in fact, that of the eight hundred millions who inhabit our globe, and of the unnumbered millions who have inhabited it, perhaps not two minds, are, or ever have been, constituted precisely alike. This variety in the human world, like that in the natural, is its peculiar glory. It is the well-spring of its fruitfulness. It has given birth to the mighty and varied products of mind which are strewn along the pathway of history, and which send down their light to present and coming generations, not in one heavy monotonous beam, but in a thousand blended rays, more delicate in their tints and more gorgeous in their beauty, than the rainbow which spans the cloudy heavens. It has given richness and power to civilization, to literature, to philosophy, to arts, inventions and sciences—yea, to Christianity itself. It has multiplied incalculably the leverage of the human mind, in its collective capacity, and enabled it to touch upon the worlds of truth and nature at an infinite number of points. It has made men fit for everything that needs to be done. It brings to every position of activity, of thought and of labor, those fitted to fill them. It makes the tide of civilization and of history broad and deep as it flows on to the goal of the world's destiny.

We have thus verified the ground of the remark with which we started out, that the most casual observation discovers to us “a vast difference between men.” Let us trace the results of such observation as found in actual society, with reference particularly to a type of character which is everywhere to be found, and which answers to that announced as the theme of the present address. In every circle of society, whether in

city, town, village or neighborhood, there are certain men who stand prominently out; upon whose characters the eye fixes easily as it casts a cursory glance around, in the same manner as it fixes upon the bluffs, and jutting points, and broad uplands which give distinctness of outline to a broken landscape. These men are the landmarks by which the view is guided, as the mind passes on from one to another, in taking a survey of the neighborhood in which they live. And in proportion as they are numerous and prominent to view, does the neighborhood possess character and influence. The masses everywhere must have leaders; and they will unconsciously acknowledge those leaders whom nature has fitted to be such. These men move among their neighbors with a native air of nobility. Their influence and mould, and not seldom originate the opinions of those around them. They are the authors of the current notions upon most topics which are afloat in the neighborhood. They are frequently quoted in every day talk. They are frequently appealed to to settle matters of dispute, either in opinion, or in business affairs. At public meetings they may not be the most eager and fluent speakers, but they are the men who guide the current and control results. On election days they may not be the most noisy politicians, but they are the tribunals of appeal in all the tactics of party; and when a paltry squabble among the underworkers requires to be settled, their voice must be heard. And it usually can be settled speedily unless there be collision among those native leaders themselves. In all public movements and party interests, if these civic chieftains become pitted against each other, as is too prone to be the case, the seeds of faction are sown. If they work together they always guide the wheels. At such small affairs as vendues and barn raisings, they are the presiding spirits, as far as sentiment and general feeling are concerned. Everywhere in society their presence is felt and acknowledged and their influence either sought or shunned. It has doubtless been perceived that we have been describing "*the strong character.*" These are the men of strong characters, exhibited upon a small scale, as they are known and felt in ordinary life. Higher types of the same distinctive character are found in the higher spheres of public effort and movement. In the various educated professions they exert a controlling influence. In the ranks of the clergy they stand out with great prominence in ecclesiastical assemblies. They are the master spirits; and in the turmoil and birth-throes of

troublesome times, "one blast upon their bugle-horn is worth ten thousand men." They are the spiritual Roderic Dhu in the camp of the Lord. When found *upon the right side*, their influence is powerful for good; where however they are not always found, and then their influence is deleterious as in the other case it is salutary. In church affairs, perhaps more than in any other, their power is always felt. This is well illustrated by the remark of a little old north country minister in the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, respecting the Rev Sir Harry Moncrieff. The said little old minister, proud of the Assembly, and his honor as a member of it, and of the Reverend Baronet who was predominant in it, whispered to his neighbor, "Preserve me, sir. Hoo that man Sir Harry does go on! He puts me in mind o' Jupiter among the lesser gods!" In state and national affairs these strong characters are always at the helm. They control popular assemblies and parliaments and senates. They either control or harass Governors and Presidents and Kings, where these posts are held by weaker characters. They are the men whose names are permanently associated with national affairs. A statesman may be gifted with the dazzling, versatile and powerful genius of a Brougham, and may shine for a while with resplendent lustre, but if true strength of character is wanting, he must fall while it is yet the noonday of his fame. His nature lacks its balance-wheel. The truly strong character if enlisted on the side of human right, is a source of permanent power and permanent fame, whatever obloquy may be heaped upon it in contemporary times. To this class belong such names as Clarendon and Burke and Chatham and Fox and Calhoun and Jackson and Clay and Webster. In the wider spheres of history the great names are the names of strong characters. No man of decidedly weak character, however gifted intellectually, can imprint his name deep upon the scroll of history, though he may hold his place there as a mere phenomenon. To verify the general remark we need but name, Cæsar, and Charlemagne, and Charles V, and Cromwell, and Buonaparte, and Wellington, and George Washington. In the history of Christianity we have strong characters in Paul, and Gregory the Great, and Hildebrand, and Luther, and Zwingli, and Calvin, and Knox, and Edwards, and a "cloud of witnesses." These are the true Power-men, as Thomas Carlyle calls them.

But in discoursing further upon the topic before us, we do not propose to consider the strong character principally in

these higher types, but rather in those more familiar forms in which it appears in common life. We mean to confine ourselves mainly within the range of our own immediate vision, and to gather thence such facts and aims as will have a practical interest for ourselves. Let us ask then, *what constitutes the strong character?* Let us examine and analyse this character, which we have described by its external peculiarities, and see if possible wherein its great strength lies.

1. And, first, let us see whether there is anything peculiar in the *physical man*. Is there any correspondence between the outer man, and the inner character?

Here, we confess, we are required to pick our steps very cautiously. The facts in the case compel us to be careful in giving distinctive marks and lineaments, or rather teach us the impossibility of giving them at all. It requires but little observation, or knowledge of history, to know that a powerful character may be coupled with a very unprepossessing outer man, and that equally *strong* characters are found wearing the most utterly diverse physical accompaniments. We are a firm believer in a general correspondence between the inward character and the outer man. Not more surely does the presence of a powerful chemical or electrical agent make itself felt by external evidences in the body which it pervades, than does the presence of a powerful spirit make its marks upon its fleshly tabernacle. But so very diverse are the peculiar types of strong characters, so many modifying elements enter into them, and so very multifarious are the peculiar arrangements of flesh and blood, of feature and expression, through which these characters may give sign of their presence, that it is utterly impossible to give any definite classification of the external marks of a strong spirit. The shaggy "boar's head" of Mirabeau, the compressed lips, thin visage, and protruding chin of John Calvin, the massive features of Cromwell or Wellington, the repulsive deformity and Satanic leer of Titus Oates, the meek dignity of John Wesley, the flashing eye of Burr, the stolid immobility of Louis Napoleon, may all equally give evidence of the strong character. No doubt the available power of the strong spirit is often greatly augmented by a commanding form and imposing presence. In sudden emergencies their absence is a real disadvantage. Men are awed by appearances; and the majestic mien and firm dignity of feature, are often as valuable auxiliaries of the man's power, in the higher spheres of effort, as the stalwart arm and herculean

frame are to the man of peaceable spirit who feels called upon to quell a country brawl. But after all it is mind that possesses the true fulcrum of power, and when sufficient opportunity is afforded, it will, in the long run, assert its prerogative, despite the physical impediments it may have to contend with. And whatever may be the distinctive conformation of feature, or person, there will always be something, either in the set of a particular feature, or in the unconscious bearing of the person, or in the indescribable language of the expression, which will give outward evidence of the strong character. Such characters have often seemed to be surrounded by a mysterious spell, an invisible and charmed atmosphere in which they at all times moved, and yet no one could tell definitely wherein the spell consisted.

2. Let us pass now to the *mental peculiarities* of the strong character. An indispensable *requisite*, even in the lower types of this character, is, that there be *native vigor and force of intellect*. The mind must be inherently capable of decided and vigorous activity. Stupidity and dulness of intellect can never co-exist with true strength of character. When these are coupled, indeed, as they often are, with great obstinacy and stubborn doggedness, there may be great power of resistance, great negative strength, but there will be no true positive, energizing power. These are your hard-headed, impracticable men, unfit to lead, and yet unwilling to be led. They generally stand apart by themselves in a community, in crabbedness and isolation, and their neighbors soon learn that it is wisest to let them alone. They belong to the order *pachydermata*, or thick-skinned, on whom the pitiless storm pelts in vain, but their sole power lies in the power of resistance. In order to positive strength of character, there must be, as we have just said, inherent vigor of intellect. It is not necessary that the mind be able to act powerfully in all directions, or even in many directions. The universal man, who is equally at home in every sphere of thought, is not always the strongest character. But it is necessary that the mind should be able to act vigorously in one, or in several directions. And facts show that the strongest types of character—the truest power-men in every age, have been those whose mental force lay in a few definite directions. Their intellectual activity, instead of being diffused over a wide surface, and consequently weakened at the particular points, was concentrated upon a few special points, expending there all its force,—and it was irresistible.

That there is an inherent difference in the innate force of minds; that in some the intellectual activity is weaker, and in others stronger, we suppose will be generally conceded. We thus infer that the groundwork of the strong character must be laid by the hand of God himself. It cannot be manufactured by human instrumentalities, except as the material has been provided by the Sovereign disposer of all things. He must impart, in the original constitution of the mind, the native force, to enable it to make its mark in the community in which it is cast. If that force is wanting, it cannot be supplied by any artificial means. There is in the sphere of nature, and of mind, and of human character, as rigid and sovereign a predestination, as the most zealous disciple of Paul claims in the sphere of religion. No man determines for himself his own stature, the color of his hair, or the native bent and force of his own mind; nor does any man determine any of these things for his children. Our free agency is simply left to work with the material which God provides to our hand.

We are led here, naturally, to remark upon the office which *education* may properly discharge in the formation of character. It is not the office of education to create, but simply to draw out, and mould, and strengthen. It cannot bestow the boon of nature where that boon has been withheld. There is an aristocracy of mind, whose titles of nobility bear the signature of the Divine hand-itself. The man of strong intellect does not get it in the Academy or the College, in the cloister, or in the schools of art, but it comes from the hand of Him who is the father of all spirits. It is the province of education to develop, to mould and expand this intellect to the extent of its capability; but beyond this capability it cannot go. The material must be there on which to exercise its moulding and transforming agency. The artist may long bend over the rough and crumbling sand-stone—his eye may long look in aspiration upon it, and his chisel touch it with the skill of genius, but no life-like form of beauty and grace will rise to answer the ideal that floats before his mental vision. The smooth and compact marble must be there to return his glance.

The meaning of the term from which our English word "Education" is derived, is "to lead forth," "to draw forth," "to expand," "to nourish." And as faculties are bestowed in variety, some predominating in some persons, others in others, the truest and wisest education is that which draws forth, and expands, and nourishes those predominating faculties,—provi-

ded they be harmless—which have been bestowed by a higher hand. All mental culture should have for its object to lead the mind mainly in the direction in which its true power lies, only giving it breadth and variety enough to preserve its balance. "Every man to his calling," is one of the plainest dictates of practical wisdom. To neglect it is to commit mistake and incur failure. Education then may conduce to strength of character by developing those mental powers which lie at the basis of the strong character, if God has bestowed them in sufficient measure. And whilst it is doubtless true that the rudiments of all faculties are in all minds, and by assiduous cultivation, any faculty may be improved, yet it is hopeless to think of making any faculty predominant which is strikingly deficient, or to smother any faculty that is strikingly predominant. And though doubtless the weakest character may be in some measure strengthened, by careful culture, yet the really strong, controlling character, such as those mentioned above, is, in the most unqualified sense, the gift of God. It is utterly vain to train the sparrow-hawk to soar like the eagle. Nature will generally have its way. The father of Pascal wishing to make him a linguist, determined he should not learn mathematics, and deprived him of all mathematical books. But the child having learned a definition of geometry, drew lines and figures on the floor with bits of coal, and formed axioms, and proceeded with the discovery of the relations of lines and figures until he arrived at the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. The father of Handel, designing him for the law, determined he should not study music. But the future author of the Oratorio of the Messiah, stole at night to his father's garret to practice on a small instrument there, and made such progress that at the age of nine, being on a visit to the court of a neighboring prince, he astonished all by his playing, and convinced even his father, where lay the true path of his life.

But to return, we have seen that the *first* grand requisite in the strong character, is *native force of mind*; and observation will readily add the testimony of fact. Those men who stand out prominently as landmarks in a community, who mould its opinions and give it character, are always men of native intellectual vigor. However wanting they may be in literary attainments, however deficient in the acquirements which learning and culture give, however scanty may be the store-houses of their knowledge, they always exhibit the sterling metal of

mind, which impinges sensibly on all with whom they come into contact. What they do know they know well; and they can think without following blindly the leading strings of tradition, and reason without a knowledge of the formulas of logic; and reason powerfully too.

3. Another marked peculiarity of the strong character, is great *strength of will*.

Vigor of intellect alone will not make a strong character: many gifted *minds* have been associated with weak characters. Many a richly freighted bark has foundered and wrecked upon the shoals of life, for want of ballast in the hold, or a firm steersman at the helm. The intellectual activity, however vigorous, may expend itself in such erratic directions that it will be just so much capital thrown away; or it may move with such a halting and unsteady step, or in directions so counter and conflicting as to involve it in such flagrant contradictions and such hopeless inconsistencies, as to beget imbecility and defeat. Perhaps strength and inflexibility of will are, above all others, the distinguishing peculiarities of the strong character. You rarely see the evidences of them wanting in the physiognomies which we described before; and they are usually the marks on such faces, which a practised eye detects most readily. The will is the energizing and controlling power in man. It furnishes the pressure necessary to set in motion the intellectual machine, and it regulates the action of the machine itself. It is the steersman which stands at the helm of the mind, and guides its course in obedience to the dictates of the judgment. A clear and correct judgment is necessary to give the character reliable and abiding power: and where such a judgment does exist, and the mind itself is of a firm and strong texture, the strength of character will be, as a general thing, in proportion to the dominant power of the will. In so complex an organism as the mind, there may be many things which will modify the action even of a strong will or partially frustrate it, but still we think the exceptions are few to the rule that the union of a powerful will and an accurate judgment, gives the strong character. An iron will knows no such word as "fail," and it is rarely made to know defeat. Like the iron flail of Talus, the poet Spenser's iron Man, who accompanied the conquering knight over the world, it makes the most formidable obstacles yield, as if by magic, to its repeated and potent blows.

4. Where there is a strong will, in connection with an accu-

rate judgment, there will be *self-reliance*. Few really strong men are unconscious of their power. One reason why they can overcome apparently insuperable obstacles, is because they feel confident they can do it. The homely proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," has a profound significance. A cowardly fear paralyzes the sinews of effort. All strong characters have been self-reliant in its true sense,—for it must be distinguished from the vain ostentation and braggart boldness which are so often characteristic of weakness. True self-reliance is staid, silent and even modest, not trumpeting its own glories nor predicting its own success, though confident of it the while. True self-reliance is a form of natural faith, and it is scarcely a figure of speech to say that it removes mountains. It has lain at the bottom of all great deeds. Buonaparte knew he could scale the Alps, and he did it. Columbus knew he could discover a Western continent, and he found it. The Pilgrim fathers, as the Mayflower hovered near the rocky coast, "like a wounded sea-fowl seeking some place to die," with three thousand miles of waves stretching behind them and between them and civilization, had faith in God and in themselves, and they framed laws and a constitution, and built a house for the worship of the God of the pilgrim. As one has beautifully said:—"Their sails streamed in shreds through the winter's blasts, and before them lay an unknown, frowning, snow-clad coast, where the howling of the wild beast, mingled with the wilder war-cry of the savage; and yet we hear of no regret shaking the higher resolve of a single breast, nor of a tear dimming the lustre of a woman's eye." They were a band of strong characters, reliant on God, and on themselves:—for in the reverent heart these two go together, and their union forms the deepest and firmest basis of confidence in feeling and action. In the irreligious heart confidence in "destiny" takes the place of confidence in God, and the ambitious despot can conquer the world because he believes he is following the star of his destiny. His reliance upon this gives reliance upon self; and while this strong anchorage avails him, his will bends before no bursting storms of adversity, and his courage shrinks before no threatening dangers.

5. Passing by other minor peculiarities, we cannot but notice that *earnestness*, or *sincerity of belief and purpose*, is an obvious trait of the really strong character.

It is that element in the nature which gives a steady and powerful momentum to all the elements of strength which the

character contains. It keeps them consolidated and centred upon definite aims, and increases their strength by binding them together in harmonious and consistent effort. Fickleness, insincerity, hollowness of purpose, must inevitably render futile, for any enduring results, whatever elements of power the man may possess. The trifler, everywhere, must ultimately become as imbecile, as he is contemptible. It is your sincere man, your earnest man, your man who labors for the attainment of his ends as though he knows and feels their reality, that is able to turn to permanent account his elements of power. And it is this that makes a man powerful whether he be right or wrong. To be successful, it is necessary to be earnest in a bad cause, as in a good one. The men who have done something in the world, either for good or evil, who have left their footprints upon the sands of time, and their imprint upon the tablet of history, were men whose lives were pervaded by a thorough earnestness. Whether as man of letters, as statesman, as warrior, or as christian preacher, the shallow trifler can never become a true hero in history. The gifted trimmer and pliant weather-vane may enjoy for a while a factitious notability, but retribution must come some day. The man of abiding strength is the man of earnestness. Genius never accomplished a great and lasting deed without it. The want of it is the deadly narcotic that paralyzes the arm or brain that otherwise might move the world.

We see the same principle illustrated in the lower types of the strong character, of which we have spoken before. Those men who control the opinions and actions of a neighborhood, who are the umpires of disputed questions, the arbiters of difficulties, the master spirits at elections and popular assemblies, are, and must be, honest and sincere men. It is that which makes them reliable. Men feel that they can trust them, and follow safely in their lead. As soon as it is discovered that they are hollow-hearted and unreliable, however much men may hate and fear them, they will be shorn of their controlling power. Their strength has departed from them. The man who would stand unshaken in his place, in the front ranks of a community, must be a man of honest brow and earnest heart.

The elements of the strong character which we have enumerated, may be equally potent for good or for evil. A mind of native force may expend itself in working wrong and ruin. An iron will may set itself for the attainment of evil ends. The bad man may be self-reliant, as well as the good man.

And he who deals physical or moral devastation around him, may be in earnest as well as he who sheds peace and blessing. The strong character may be a bad character. All elements of power when misdirected or abused, are dangerous—and dangerous just in proportion to their power. A madman in the wild strength of his phrenzy, may spread terror in a whole neighborhood. Finally then, we say that the strong character to be a good character—to exert the legitimate influence of God-given power, must be permeated by the leaven of high moral principle. It must be subject to the supremacy of conscience. It must move under the pressure of truth and duty. It must have an ear for the calls of moral obligation. We would be far from denying that there is such a thing as natural virtue, or that the mere natural virtues have made strong characters, on the whole safe, and prolific of good deeds. But all such high types of moral principle, we hold to be the result of the indirect or reflex influence of the religion of Christ. *It is the great educator of the conscience.* And the very highest type of moral principle, that which will stand the greatest shocks, and may be relied on in the most perilous moral emergencies, can only be found in connection with genuine personal religion. If this is wanting there are always some points which will not bear pressure. And in the christian these points will be strengthened just in proportion as the element of religion is pervading and powerful. The strong character then, to be the safest and best, must be imbued with the sanctifying leaven of the grace of God. Unsanctified, perverted power, has ever been the scourge of the world. The development of the intellect, and especially the development of those faculties which make the strong character, without a corresponding development of the moral nature, can only beget a power to destroy. But glorious and God-like is sanctified power. Where the development of the moral nature keeps pace with that of the intellectual, and the two unfold in beautiful and harmonious adjustment, 'tis there we have the highest style of man. The strong head and the pure heart, make the great man and the good man combined. Force of character, when directed into proper channels, and acting under the impulse of noble motives, gives to history the benefactors of the race, and to every community the men who are its light and its salt.

Chambersburg, Pa.

J. C.

II.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

IN a former number of this Review it was shown that the communion of saints, as it obtained among the early disciples, consisted in their common union with Christ, in their common participation in his benefits, and in their unity of faith. We now say that wherever these constituents are found, there will be *unity of affection*, that is, christian love, or charity in its widest sense. This may be regarded as the fruit or effluence of the indwelling life of Christ, its perfection and beauty at the same time. It is that towards which everything divine in man tends, and where it finds its consummation. Thus we are told that the *end* of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned. 1 Tim. 1, 5. Our subject may be still further illustrated by continuing to refer to the experience of the early christians, in whom the highest and most sublime manifestations of the communion of saints took place. Nothing was so prominent in their character as their love for each other. After the outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost it was as if a new order of men had been created. A company of individuals appeared to view, who by their manners, gestures, language and intercourse with one another, differed as much from those around them as if they had just descended from some other sphere on a visit to our world. They were, however, well known; they were mere Galileans, whose rudeness and want of cultivation rendered them a term of reproach to the more polished denizens of Jerusalem. Yet Galileans as they were; unacquainted with the world and unused to the arts of dissimulation, they manifested the purest and most exalted affection for each other. It is generally believed that purity and elevation of feeling are the result of human cultivation. Here, however, where no such cultivation had been enjoyed, a love reigned, pervaded an entire body of persons and bound them together, that excelled every other exhibition of affection, as it regards tenderness, strength and fervor. All human instructions, care and attention have produced at best nothing but a distant approximation to christian charity, a mere imitation of it, which, like that of the diamond, stands condemned at first view.

There were doubtless diversities of temper, disposition, and talents among the disciples, as is the case among men generally; but their original oneness of life united these diversities into a living union, where instead of becoming points of repulsion, they served as so many points of attraction. Peter could be fiery, zealous, and rash, without repelling John, who was remarkable for possessing a temperament directly the reverse. The very courage of the former, more than anything else, attracted the quiet and retiring spirit of the latter, who found in it something to lean upon, now when the bosom of his Master was no longer at hand. Peter on the other hand, could not see in the different disposition of John any cause for censure, because that disposition differed from his own. He doubtless perceived in his colleague the nearest approach to the image of his Master, and hence felt his fears quieted by his presence, when his faith wavered. They were, therefore, joined together in holy fellowship, directing the Church with entire unanimity. What was true of Peter and John was true of all the rest, as it is of Christians generally. Their unity of faith, back of their natural endowments, made room for a certain measure of difference, or diversity, either of natural or acquired gifts; but this diversity only confirmed and completed the general unity. There can be no unity, where there is no diversity of parts; hence it is the special office of Christian love to unite, what seems to be contradictory and conflicting into a harmonious whole. Love in the Christian Church is the power which binds together its different members, causes the most diverse characters and talents to be employed in securing the same general object or end, places each member in his proper relation to his fellow members, and stamps upon each, whatever may be his position or significance, the highest value. God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him; and the Apostle adds, that there should be no schism in the body. As the head, the hands, the feet are diverse, and yet united, so the body of Christ can admit of diversity of operations, gifts, or talents, but not of schism or dissension.

The early disciples manifested the highest and the purest devotion to each other. It is said that they were all together, and had all things common. They sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. The price of lands or houses was laid at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made according to the necessities of each in-

dividual. As love manifests itself in the devotion of one person to another, its strength may be calculated by the amount of sacrifice, which it is enabled to make for the object of affection. Property is a sacrifice which it can cheerfully make. The circumstances of the early Church often required this, and we accordingly find that the new converts, burning with ardent devotion to Christ, did not consult with flesh and blood, but poured out their treasures to relieve the wants of their suffering brethren. In their cases, it was not a portion of their income, but their whole estates, that were given to the Church, in literal compliance with the Saviour's command. Their example it is generally believed was not designed to be of universal obligation, but merely to show to the world the nature and strength of true charity. It proves, therefore, that Christian love cannot be in the heart, unless it opens men's hands, and urges them to make any sacrifice of this kind for the sake of the brotherhood. It is of such a diffusive character as to prompt the heart wherever it is felt, to bear not only the loss of property, but of all things, even life itself when the cause of truth requires it. John, the apostle of love says, Hereby we perceive the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. This indeed is the last test of Christian charity, that Christians should be willing to surrender up life itself for the sake of the Church, if it should be necessary in order to vindicate her divine character. There have been circumstances in all periods of her history, which have called for offerings of this kind, and the inspiration of divine love has enabled many to comply with the full measure of duty in this respect. Christ and his Church are made to appear as of unspeakably more account than individual life, or ought that life may embrace. Father and mother, sister and brother, property and lands, all things, the world as it appears to the individual, are freely laid at the foot of the cross, and deliberately sacrificed for the sake of the cross and its future triumphs in the world. The martyr at the stake or on the block sheds his blood freely for his brethren's sake, that they encouraged and stimulated by his example may at last gain with him the crown of righteousness. It is known that in the early ages of the Church, when the blood of martyrs flowed in streams, it was generally the desire of ministers and bishops, to suffer martyrdom in the midst of their flocks, that they might have the benefit of their example, and witness the

last expression of their never dying affection. Yea, says Paul, and if I be offered upon the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy, and rejoice with you all. The true missionary or pastor in our days must possess this same spirit, and so far as it is exhibited, the field around him begins to bloom and blossom as the rose. It is something remarkable, that no interest connected with the Church prospers, except as it proceeds from, and is carried forward with that love, which shows itself in sacrifices. A Brainerd, and a Martyn, with our Moravian missionaries, have formed epochs in the missionary work, because their love for the heathen manifested itself in the greatest acts of self-denial. The ability to surrender life for the sake of the Church, of course, implies a willingness to yield up all considerations of a lower character, as compared with the love which christians should exercise towards each other. Thus health, wealth, honors, and pleasures, are laid cheerfully upon the altar of Christian charity, and made subservient to the up-building of the kingdom of Christ in the world. Such a charity as this is the proper production of Christianity. It was constantly exemplified in the life of its divine author, which was ever one of disinterested benevolence and love. Selfishness has never been attributed to him, not even by his foes and infidels generally, who doubtless would have done so, if it had been possible, as it would have afforded them the best opportunity of silencing his claims upon their allegiance. He grants his followers grace to walk in his footsteps, and to breathe the same pure and elevated spirit. They become like him, and reflect from earthen vessels his heavenly spirit. Hence they become partakers of his love and his sufferings; the blood of martyrs flows in streams to serve as the seed of future harvests in the world; sacrifices and gifts accumulate upon the altar; and the Church becomes the grand almoner of the spiritual and temporal bounties of a kind and merciful Father in heaven.

From what has now been said of the communion of saints as it obtained on the day of Pentecost, its true character for all ages may be readily understood. The first outpouring of the Spirit, was a type, an earnest or pledge, of what might be expected during the dispensation of the Spirit through all time. The living, actual communion between the members of Christ, commenced at that time, was to be extended and expanded until it should embrace the whole race of man within the precincts, as it were, of a single family. All communion, there-

fore, of believers now-a-days, to be genuine, must be like that of the first disciples, when they were all together of one accord. It must spring from a living communion with Christ and his benefits, and consist in unity of faith, which unites the understandings of men, and unity of affection, which unites their hearts.

It now remains for us to discuss the *extent* and the *form* of this communion generally, points which are intimately connected, but, at the same time, distinct enough to require a separate consideration.

It is a nice point of casuistry to decide how far, as it respects the merely nominal Christian world, our charity should extend. It is a plain case, that it is our duty to love those who stand in regular connection with the Christian Church, and to treat them as brethren, without inquiring how far they are livingly united to Jesus Christ; for this must be left to their own consciences, and to Him, who alone sees and knows all things, and not to our capricious judgments. Here the precept, Judge not that ye be not judged, is specially pertinent. Here too, there is a wide field for the exercise of charity. There are manifestly many in the pale of the Church, who have neither part nor lot in the kingdom of God, and to exercise charity for their Churches, as such, and to treat their members as brethren, require of us to comply with the apostolic precept, to cover a multitude of sins. This is a legitimate office of love. But the question arises, What denominations are we to regard as embraced in the Christian Church, and what not? Who will draw for us the line of demarkation, that separates between the Church and the world? The question is involved in almost insuperable difficulty, and can be answered in our present state of enlightenment only in some partial manner. Love between christians is doubtless a duty, and any lack of it towards those who have a right to it, is a grievous sin; but heresy and schism are not to be overlooked, rather resisted with as much fervor of zeal, as we are required to have fervor of love. Indeed the strength of our opposition to error is a co-ordinate of our love to Christ, and springs from it, though all kinds of zeal must not be supposed to be a necessary attendant of Christian love. Accordingly, we find that, in those ages of the Church when love burns brightest, heresy is most detested. No one of the apostles opposed heretics with such burning zeal as the apostle John, who at the same time was distinguished for his love to the brethren.

In the platitude of our love it is possible for us to embrace all sorts of sects, and thus unwittingly encourage all kinds of dangerous and pestilential heresies. This leads to *latitudinarianism*, which has no power to distinguish between different forms of faith, and consequently no capacity to resist error or to defend the truth. If everything that calls itself Christian, must be admitted within the pale of the Church, and be entitled to our affection and regard, then the barriers which Christianity has erected in her own defence, fall to the ground; the world flows in at once as a mighty flood, and prostrates every claim which the Church has ever put forth to prove her superiority to that which is earthly and temporal. The latitudinarian consequently has no horror of schism or heresy; he does not even understand the meaning of these words in the sense in which they are used in the Bible and the early Church. There are passages in Scripture, which he has no capacity of obeying, as where we are commanded to have no communications with one, who brings in another doctrine, not so much as to eat with him, or to bid him God-speed.

Others answer the question proposed in a much more summary manner. They regard their own denomination, or little sect, as the only true Church, beyond which there is no salvation, except by uncovenanted mercies. This constitutes *bigotry*, which reckons many more adherents than the latitudinarian scheme. It is seen everywhere, but nowhere with its symmetry of parts so fully developed, as where it has the slenderest historical basis to rest upon, and where the obscurity or insignificance of its advocates, makes it an object of no special alarm. It has its spring in human nature, which is ever gratified when it sees itself ornamented with a celestial livery. It were doubtless a very comfortable position for a person to occupy, if he could be actually brought to believe that his own creed or confession embodies the entire sum and substance of Christianity, and that his own fellow religionists constitute the only true salt of the earth, the only reliable results that Christianity has produced for the space of the last eighteen hundred years. Bigotry like this, has emptied itself of the Christian spirit, or if it retain any Christian element in its constitution at all, it must find it very difficult to maintain itself at such an airy height. Roman Catholics may do so with less difficulty than any other class of Christians; for there is so much that is imposing in the unity, extent and grandeur of their Church, that its own members, at least, have some palliation for their

exorbitant claims to be the only true Church, especially in Italy or Spain, where Protestantism is so little known, or made synonymous with protestation against the divine truth itself; though in England and America, where they are surrounded by so many evidences of the Christian character of Protestantism, it must be a work of more difficulty, and a rather painful one among those who are truly pious. But if the ultra claims of Rome are scriptural, if she be the true Church to the exclusion of all other portions of Christendom, then the kingdom of Christ on earth must present a gloomy prospect indeed. The argument for the divine origin of Christianity drawn from its success, would be very much diminished in force, at least in its application to the present time. For grant that the Roman Church, as Neander incontestably shows, constituted the Christian Church during the middle ages, diffused the leaven of the gospel among the nations of Europe during the ages preceding the Reformation, and raised them from barbarism to a Christian civilization, grant this, as good historical Protestants we can, and we may ask, where is the same life and vigor in the Roman Church at the present day, and where is her once world-wide influence? Her Anselms, her Bernards, and Thomas Aquinases, have passed away, and the Jesuits, in whom the life of the old Catholic Church seems to have been revived and concentrated subsequent to the Reformation, have descended from the lofty pinnacle of their influence, and are now, if accounts be true, the mere shadow of what they once were. As a whole, the Church of Rome resembles an aged oak, that continues to vegetate at its extremities, and at times to send forth vigorous shoots, giving evidence of its vitality, but growing only in its extremities, and not in its trunk, or its leading branches. It is true as it regards tendency as well as space, the farther off from Rome the Catholic organization extends, the more respectable does Catholicism become. In England and America Catholics manifest much more moral purity than in Italy or Rome itself, where, so far as the masses are concerned, little else can be discerned but spiritual stagnation and death. In France, where, owing to the influence of Gallicanism, Catholicism has been more free, nearer to Protestantism and farther from Rome in tendency, than elsewhere, it has, to the present day, as MacCaulay has acutely observed, presented the highest form of Catholic piety. With nothing more than the Romish hierarchy in the world to confirm the promise of the Saviour, that he would be with his people al-

ways, the argument, we say, for the divine character of Christianity, drawn from its success, must be considerably curtailed. But, in addition to this, a more formidable difficulty to Romish exclusiveness arises in the existence of the Protestant Church, which has a history, a theology, a science, and a long line of good works and charities, that it would be difficult to ignore or set aside. As Protestants, we cannot for a moment entertain such sweeping, demolishing claims.

The communion of saints, therefore, wherever it exists, cannot be confined to the Romish Church, though, from our premises, we may believe that it exists there, and hence whatever errors may be supposed to have their origin in her midst, feel ourselves justified in exercising charity towards Catholics generally.

But if the Romish Church cannot substantiate her claims to be the only true Church, it becomes much more difficult for any single Protestant denomination in itself considered to make the same attempt. The difficulty increases, and the claims become more puerile and anile also, in proportion as we descend from the State Churches of Europe down to the sects and sub-sects in this country, that sprung but yesterday from the ignorance of the people, and are now housing themselves safely in the elements from which they derived their origin. Whatever claims any single denomination of Protestantism may have to be called the only true Church, they are shared by at least some of their neighbors, and cannot therefore be regarded as more valid in one case than in the other. They are of force only in favor of pure Protestantism as a whole, and not exclusively in favor of any single branch of it.

It is doubtless the part of wisdom not to attempt to draw too closely the boundary lines of the Church. There is indeed no necessity that this should be done; for if we know where the Church does really and actually exist, we can have no desire to linger on its borders, or to occupy a position with respect to her, which is at best doubtful or suspicious. It is only madmen or inexperienced children, who can sport on the brink of a precipice, or on the banks of a raging stream. It is necessary to attend to various considerations in deciding, whether any religious denomination is properly a part of the Church of Christ, and therefore entitled to our love and fellowship. The various marks of a true Church, such as a regular ministry in the apostolic succession in some sense at least, the Sacraments, the Word of God, and the consequent presence

of the Spirit, must be the basis of the judgment which we form in the case; but then, inasmuch as Satan often appears as an angel of light, there may be congregations, that seem to present all these marks, and yet after all are nothing more than synagogues of Satan. Here the principle of *historical development* comes to our assistance. Time is the test of what is genuine, and of what is spurious. It is the fiery furnace that consumes the wood, hay and stubble, whilst it purifies the pure metal. A principle may be plausible at its inception, but manifestly false and utterly abhorrent to good men generally, when it has gone into operation, and clothed itself with flesh and blood. Historical Churches, therefore, have an unspeakable advantage over the new fangled systems that are ever and anon springing up around us. Denominations that can point back over long centuries of devotion to the cause of Christ, have far better claims to a place in his fold, than those which commence their history by saying they took their rise in the year of our Lord, say 1829, mainly under the influence of such and such a distinguished preacher. On this account, it becomes a hazardous experiment to attempt to exclude the Romish Church, as a whole, from the kingdom of God. She has maintained her position too long, to be purely a work of evil. Grant that error and corruption have intruded themselves within her pale, yet there must be vitality somewhere connecting her with Christ, else she must have been long ago rent into numberless fragments, and, like the secular powers of antiquity, be now known only on the page of history. The various national Churches of Europe, that sprung more immediately from the Reformation, together with their offspring in this land, have already won for themselves an imperishable name and rank in the kingdom of God. It cannot be maintained, that their points of difference are indications of their schismatical character; for it is well known that the original branches of Protestantism assumed their peculiar forms and costumes from the circumstances in which they were placed, and the various nationalities which they were called to represent. Thus, it was by no means a schismatical feeling towards other parts of Protestantism, which induced the Church of England to preserve the episcopal form of Church government. Even Calvin himself, the founder of Presbyterianism, could so well appreciate the circumstances in which the English Church was placed, as to approve of episcopacy in England, a fact which the rigid Presbyterian in our day, in his ultra opposition to prelacy,

might do well to ponder. The origin of the Churches just referred to remains as yet unassailed, and their united claims to be regarded as the Church of the present, have not yet been successfully laid aside. Providence from the beginning smiled upon the Reformation, and so signally protected and preserved the various branches of Christianity, that sprung from it as their immediate origin, and raised them to a world-wide influence, that we, in our day, may as yet confidently believe, that Protestantism has by a divine judgment been exalted to serve as his Church in these latter days. There is, however, as has been often said in the pages of this Review, a true and a false Protestantism, one that has a legitimate historical origin at the Reformation, and a subsequent historical development, and another that has no origin of this kind, and no such a subsequent development, but is schismatical, sectarian and heretical in its tendency. This being so, our charity or our communion should hold with the Church of our fathers, and as it regards the sects, that have sprung up at a more recent date, and that now so strenuously strive to supplant that Church, we can exercise for them at best only that charity, which is due to erring brethren. The opinion so rampant among the masses in this country, that whatever in religion happens to be new, original, and independent of history is the best coin, is wrong and radical. It is quite the reverse. New ecclesiastical organizations are *toto coelo* the least reliable, whilst the old, containing the old wine, are the best, and the most likely to retain the grace committed to the Church in the beginning by her great Head.

The communion of saints, however, does not only extend in space; it not only overflows the barriers, which national life, spirit, custom, language and literature have set up to "make enemies of nations," and binds together distant nations, people, and tongues into one family of love; it extends itself also as it regards *time*. The communion of the christian is not satisfied with the noisy present, however refreshing and invigorating the living, acting Christianity around him may be. There is a *Christian past*, that is equally as refreshing to the devout spirit, and hence it seeks communion and fellowship with it.

The kingdom of heaven was deposited in the soil of humanity, not as something full grown, but as the grain of mustard seed, which by its inherent power becomes a tree, and the fowls of the air lodge in the branches thereof. It has there-

fore a history commencing with the incarnation of Christ, and reaching down to the present, during all of which time it has continued to unfold itself out of its original life-form, and to present itself to the gaze of the world as something that was always the same in substance, and yet ever varying in form. Its various manifestations from age to age, stand as intimately related to each other as the successive branches of a plant, where each one grows out of another and forms its proper completion. Every age of the Church is dependent upon that which precedes it, and through it upon the entire previous developments of Christianity. The divine life flowing from Christ, is thus percolated from century to century, until it reaches the period in which any individual may be supposed to stand. No one, therefore, has a right to break communion with the Church of the past, just as it is his duty to maintain communion with the Church of the present. He who does so is schismatical, as much so as the person who isolates himself from the visible Church in which he was born and bred. It is indeed the worst form of radicalism; it tears up the living root of all growth and advancement, and seeks to rear an abundant harvest where no precious seed has been sown, and where there is no more soil than may be found on the bare mountain rock. It reminds us of the radicals of the French Revolution, who, not content with the destruction of existing institutions, sacrilegiously disturbed the ashes of the dead.

As Christianity is something historical, it can be fully understood only in the light of its history. Persons may live and breathe in it, yet there is no clear conception of it, until it is studied in its past history, just as it is necessary for us to know the civil and political history of a nation, before we can understand its spirit or genius. Christian love, therefore, prompts us to love the past. If our love be pure, freed from the prejudices, and the self-sufficiency of the age in which we live, we must feel ourselves drawn towards the saints of the past by an influence, which we cannot resist. As we enter into the spirit in which they loved and served Christ, and observe how they made sacrifices for his kingdom, we gradually lose the vain conceit of our times, and feel that our instructors and models are to be formed mainly in the past and not in the present. The early ages of Christianity, that is the first four or five centuries of the history of the Church, have always been regarded as especially entitled to the love and confidence of succeeding ages. During this period the mass of believers

were called to endure sufferings of the most painful character, and to make the most costly sacrifices, that men could be called upon to make. They faltered not, but brought to the altar of Christ property, possessions, pleasures, honors, and life itself, for the sake of the truth. The blood of martyrs flowed in streams in every direction, whilst they themselves became a spectacle, upon which the civilized world looked with mute wonder and amazement. Whilst the common people thus reflected a brilliant light upon the world of darkness and sin, distinguished leaders arose, and shone as stars of the first magnitude. The early church fathers, became, like the prophets under the old dispensation, the pillars of their age and of succeeding times. The progress of the kingdom of heaven, in every direction, has not been equalled since. Whilst nation after nation, and city after city, became trophies of victorious grace, the work of internal consolidation kept pace with the outward spread of the gospel. A certain writer has remarked, that the definite and final settlement of the doctrines of the Trinity, the Person of Christ, and others which are fixed and fundamental in the Christian scheme, required as much labor and time, as the conversion of the wild hordes of Europe, to the gospel, in after times. From ages like these, resplendent with the light of the gospel and of good works, the Christian of the nineteenth century dare not withhold his love or communion, if he desires that his love may be commensurate with the love of his Redeemer. He must here love those whom his Saviour once loved. But the ages immediately succeeding the first age of Christianity, continued to give similar evidences of the divine life in the Church. This is true of the darkest period of the middle ages, when it is supposed by some that the Church was a mere corpse, given over to the prince of darkness. Anselm in England, and Bernard of Clairvaux in France, arose and presented the highest exemplifications of piety in the spirit of their times. Missionaries traversed Europe, and by their sufferings and self-denial, won nation after nation and tribe after tribe, to the fold of Christ. During this period the soil of European society was prepared for the Reformation, and the fruits which it has conferred upon modern times. The Church of the middle ages is thus made to stand related to us through the Reformation in a vital manner, and hence, it is impossible for us to regard it as a synagogue of Satan, without doing violence to the Christian spirit, and that communion of love which binds together the children of God, of all ages, by imperishable ties.

It is then our duty to love the Christian past as much as the present, and in some respects to regard it even more highly. To the Church at any period, it stands always in a paternal relation, and it should therefore be honored as we honor father and mother. As our natural parents by divine appointment are placed over us, that they, by their superior wisdom, experience and age, may be our teachers and protectors, so the Church of the past, enriched with the accumulated treasures of wisdom and truth, is designed to be our constant instructor and guide. The generality of believers of course could not be expected to seek by learned investigations for those treasures, but they may find them in their midst, in their catechisms and confessions, which serve as so many channels by which the life of the Church is conveyed from age to age. Leaders, however, in Israel, who are to mould the Christianity around them, and prevent it from overflowing its banks, are without excuse, if they fail, as far as in them lies, to keep up a living communication with the past by living themselves in the past and the present, and thus acting as mediators between them. Where may the Church, struggling with new difficulties every day and fearfully tossed by the wild waves of human passion, interest, or caprice, find such grave, earnest, and venerable counsel as sounds in her ears from the grave of departed centuries? Time, in its onward flight, throws the dust of ages over that which is false and sinful, whilst the truths, which it has elaborated from the word of God, continue to shine as stars in the heavens, with their brightness untarnished. An affectionate remembrance, therefore, of the services of the saints of past ages, a sense of obligation to them for their labor and work of love in maintaining the truth, a sincere desire to follow them as they followed Christ, and, above all, communion with them in that spirit which animated them during their life time, are duties, which propriety as well as a proper regard for Christ, the Head of the Church, plainly dictate.

Such a communion with the Church of the fathers in all past ages, may be maintained without exposing any one to the charge of superstition, or necessarily requiring him to embrace the errors, which every child knows abound in the past. So far from plunging him into the superstitions of by gone days, the state of mind, which we have been advocating, may be expected to produce in his experience the richest fruits of wisdom and instruction. It is nothing more than another form

of the duty inculcated in the command, Honor thy father, and thy mother, and in this application of it, as well as in every other, it may be reasonably expected, that a blessing will follow the discharge of duty, as is implied in the words, That thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. The old objection, that a love for antiquity prepares us to adopt the exploded errors of the past, is sufficiently inane and scarcely deserves a serious refutation. It might as well be urged, that love for our natural parents is something dangerous, and may lead us to adopt their errors, and to imitate their infirmities. The precept, Children obey your parents *in the Lord*, is a sufficient guaranty against the Charybdis, which frightens many an honest voyager from launching his vessel out upon the broad ocean of the past in pursuit of its imperishable truth.

The saints of past ages, moreover, stand in a still more interesting relation to us, than merely as persons who once lived in our world, and fought under a common banner with us in achieving the victories of Christ. They have not ceased to exist or to be employed in the service of their Master. They still live, are members of the same family with us, and draw their strength and comfort from the same living Head. Our communion, therefore, must also hold with the *dead*, as still living and active persons in the kingdom of God.

To the skeptical Sadducees, who attempted to throw difficulties in the way of the doctrine of a future state, the Saviour replied in a popular yet convincing manner. God, he said, is not the God of the dead, but of the living. As however he called himself the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, these, as well as other saints, must still live. To suppose that they had ceased to exist, would have implied that God could have had communion with the dead. But this were an absurdity; for as life and death exclude each other, so God, who is the source of all life, cannot be supposed to have any connection or sympathy with death under any form. Being himself the living God, he can consistently have only living persons as his subjects and worshippers. So soon, therefore, as any one comes to know him, and to regard him as God, he commences to live. A communication is opened between the soul and heaven, and streams of living water are poured out upon the barren soil of the heart. Christ comes and dwells with his people, and thus makes them proof against the ravages of sin and death. Their passage through the grave effects a change

of residence, but not a change in the nature of their life. Every one occupying this position with reference to God is par excellence a living person. He has eternal life abiding in him already. He stands in the midst of the wide plain of human existence, radiant with light and life, like some tall mountain, around whose top the morning rays are playing whilst the valley beneath is shrouded in darkness. But it is much more true that believers, who have departed from the shores of time, still live. They are with Christ, and God is their God in a more emphatic sense than whilst they were still in the world. Their connection with God through Christ the living vine, gives us an impregnable ground for belief, that they are forever with the Lord. Arguments drawn from human reason, and devised by human ingenuity, have never thrown more light upon this point, than to show that it is possible and probable that it is so; whilst faith in Christ gives us as much certainty respecting the continued beatific existence of the righteous after death, as there is in the truth that God himself exists. The reality of their existence becomes identical with that of Christ himself, and the question, whether they still live, reduces itself to a simpler one: Does Christ himself live? Thus Paul makes the resurrection of the saints to rest upon the resurrection of Christ, and shows plainly, that the two facts resolve themselves ultimately into one great central fact, that of redemption, accomplished first in the person of Christ, and then extending itself to the utmost limits of the human race. Christianity is indeed so full of this idea, that the pious are now living and acting in another world, that human language has been modified so as to accommodate itself to the new order of ideas. Thus we say of the pious when they die, that they fall asleep, or depart and go to Christ.

But if the saints in heaven still live, they cannot be separated from those that still sojourn on earth. The visible and invisible worlds are brought together in God, and made to stand side by side in inseparable unity. The wall of separation, which is for the most part reared between the Church on earth and the Church in heaven, is a fictitious and imaginary one. It is owing to our blindness and want of faith, that our Father's house appears to us to be situated far away, somewhere beyond the most distant star. Owing to this delusion we think little of it, and fail to feel its balmy atmosphere inspiring us with health and vigor. We live consequently amidst the elements of time, and forget that we have *already* come, as the apostle

says, to Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all and to the spirits of just men made perfect. Hebrews 12th chapter. This union of the Church in heaven and of the Church on earth leads to active communion and sympathy between the two worlds. How can the one be an indifferent spectator of what is transacting in the other? There ought to be, at least, and there may be as much active sympathy between them, as there is between different sections of the Church on earth. Without any doubt, the saints in glory excel in active interest in the condition of the suffering saints on earth. It were contrary to reason, to all true Christian feeling, as well as the word of God, to think that they, who now enjoy the bliss of Paradise, are indifferent and unconcerned spectators of the trials or victories of the Church on earth. A supposition like this would make heaven, of all other places, the most selfish. It would be nothing more than the view of the Epicureans, who believed that heaven was too happy a place to permit the gods to be concerned about the affairs of mortals on earth. The saints in heaven having the same God and Father as the saints on earth, must feel that they are their brethren, and candidates for the same immortality, that they now enjoy to full fruition. They are our brethren and we are theirs. Their thoughts and sympathies flow on in uninterrupted harmony with the thoughts and sympathies of their Saviour; but we know that Christ, being touched with a feeling of our infirmities, sympathizes with his suffering saints on earth, that it is his peculiar office now in heaven to intercede for them, to rule over them, and to defend them against the assaults of their enemies. How then can the active sympathies of Christ, fail to enlist the sympathies of the saints, who stand round his throne and behold him face to face? How can they fail to feel as Christ feels for his Church still in the wilderness? They have not as yet forgotten the conflicts, through which they passed on their way to the heavenly city. They are still in the high-tide of their triumph, and the tears have just been wiped from their eyes. They know the nature of the good fight of faith, what it is to buckle on the armor of the gospel, and to contend against sin and Satan on his own ground, and they are, therefore, of all other beings, best calculated to sympathize with those who are still on the field of

battle. The ties, that bind them to suffering saints, we may suppose, are stronger than those which connect them with such as are already glorified. Thus, it is said, there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repents than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. Love and affection are never called forth to the same extent, as when the object of affection is in danger of perishing. Thus parents are never so conscious of affection for their children as when disease invades their frames and the approach of death is perceived on their countenances. Then eyes weep that are not accustomed to weep, and affection that was not perceptible at other times breaks through all bounds, and overflows the soul with sorrow. On the same principle, we may infer that our very crosses, temptations and sufferings call forth an amount of sympathy among the saints on high, that is in proportion to their intensity. Even if we were to suppose, that all natural affection becomes extinct at the hour of death, an idea, however, which cannot be entertained or maintained, still the saints in heaven must continue to cherish an active interest in the work which engaged their lives and energies in this world. They labored for the upbuilding and the spread of the kingdom of God on earth, but they were taken from the field before their work was done or their prayers answered; the missionary died just as the fields began to whiten, and the minister was called to his reward when the time had apparently arrived for him to throw in his sickle and reap the fruit; parents too were called away when the prospect for the conversion of their children was brightest. Under these circumstances, we cannot suppose that either the missionary, the minister or the parent, can forget the work of their lives, or the subjects of so many earnest prayers. Their happiness would seem to be connected with some distinct knowledge of the triumphs of Christ on earth.

But there is something more than mere sympathy in heaven for the Church on earth. There is indeed no true sympathy, which does not end in external activity. It makes no difference, whether we know what specific office they discharge for us or not, but as to the general fact, that they are actively engaged in our behalf, we need not entertain any doubts. We have here something more certain than mere opinion, or an unsubstantial hypothesis. It is said of the angels that they are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation. Angels, however, are not alone distinguished in this respect; the just

made perfect are as the angels, and of course discharge common functions with them. They rise to the same rank with them, enjoy the same bliss, and therefore enter upon the same work and labor of love. Thus Moses and Elias after they had rested with God for centuries, are found returning to the earth, and on the mount of transfiguration conversing with Christ in regard to his approaching decease.

It being then true, that on the side of the saints beyond the grave, there is a living, active sympathy with the Church on earth, it follows that Christians on the other side should sympathize with them, if the communion between the visible worlds is to be complete. The feeling which inclines us to commune with the pious dead, does not spring from any calculations of the understanding, nor from mere nature, which abhors death, and the grave; it is rather the genuine product of the Christian life, assisted by nature, so far as nature still retains upward and heavenly aspirations. The spread of Christianity in the early ages, immediately made men conscious of their relations to such as had died in Christ. It was as if they were introduced into a new world, where they walked and lived with the spirits of just men made perfect. Hence the extraordinary, and, in their age, strange care, which they manifested for the dead, and their remains. The old heathen custom of burning dead bodies was at once rejected by the Church, and generally abolished throughout the Roman Empire, that it might give place to the decencies of a Christian funeral. The graves of such as had been distinguished for piety became sacred ground, over which a church was erected, and around which a town or city in the course of time sprung up. Cemeteries became places of resort, either for pious meditation, or for the celebration of divine worship. Relics too of departed saints were cherished with religious care, because they served as means to assist the living in maintaining communion with the departed. This general attention to the dead in the early Church, showing itself in various ways, sprung from a deep root in the Christian consciousness, a clear conviction, that the pious after death continue to live on, and in the same fellowship and communion with their brethren as when they were on earth. The Church has never lost this, one of her early impressions, unless it be so in our days, when the world has become the engrossing object of men's thoughts and desires, and eternity has been reduced to a mere fiction, to a land of shadows and dreams, respecting which we can no longer exercise

anything like heart-felt faith. Whatever we may think of the means employed by the Church of Rome to keep her membership in communion with the dead, such as her peculiar view of the mass as a sacrifice for the dead, the invocation of saints, relic-worship, and so on, it must be admitted, that in that Church, communion with the departed has ever been maintained, and that her whole economy is in many respects admirably adapted to secure the unity of the Church on a scale, that includes the saints above as well as those below. The means referred to are offensive to an evangelical consciousness, and so they have been pronounced by a large portion of the intelligence and Christianity of the last three hundred years, yet it would be disingenuous in us not to acknowledge, that the Roman Catholic Church keeps up an active communion at least with her own departed saints. This has been regarded by some as a serious objection to her. She has been ridiculed for the intense interest she takes in the *dead*. But on the other hand, this has also been her charm, especially to poets and artists, some of whom without any particular religious bias, have felt themselves drawn towards her communion, because they have admired the facility with which her members are brought to look away from the visible to the invisible world. In the Protestant world there is a tendency to shut out of view, as far as possible, the world of the dead. *Because* we believe that the state of the dead is fixed either in heaven or in hell, we are prone to dismiss the memory of the pious, as if communion with them could not be maintained, without faith in the efficacy of their prayers, or in our intercessions for them. Our prosperity in material interests, and the disposition to look only at things that may be seen, felt, or clearly understood, engendered by such prosperity, taken in connection with our antagonism to Rome, very often carried to an unreasonable extreme, have served to separate us more and more from the world of saints beyond our sight. The whole tendency, however, is wrong and antichristian, and is opposed especially to faith in a Holy Catholic Church, and the Communion of Saints. The idea of the Church, as well as that charity, which binds the children of God everywhere, in heaven and earth, into one family, requires of us, to maintain daily communion with the departed. It is, moreover, a privilege of which the pious heart will not suffer itself to be deprived. When friends, in whose hearts and lives the flame of piety ever glowed, are taken from us, the mind involuntarily inquires, Where, O

where do they tend? When faith answers that they have gone to our father's house in the skies, the grief of separation is assuaged. We feel that they are still one with us, engaged in the same work, and laboring for the same Master. Walking with God, we continue to walk with them. While they are safe in the harbor of eternal rest, we feel encouraged to venture out also, upon the perilous course over which they passed without harm. Faith does not forbid us to believe that they visit us as invisible spirits, to minister to our wants, and unite with us in the worship of God in the sanctuary. The word of God indeed assures us that they surround us, as a great crowd of witnesses, an illustrious crowd of spectators, gazing upon us, as we struggle in the arena of life, for the crown, that fadeth not away. Our piety leaves our prejudices behind, and often in prayer or praise, we give a heart-felt utterance to the sentiment of the hymn:

"The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake."

The second point which we proposed for discussion, is the *form*, which the Christian communion assumes in its outward development. This, of itself, would afford matter for a separate article. Our space will allow us, however, to make only a few remarks under this head.

In a word, the form, which the communion of saints assumes in this world, is the Holy Catholic Church. The one is the objective manifestation of the other. They differ from each other, yet both flow from a common principle in Christ, the Head of the Church. There can be no Church, where there is no communion, just as there can be no communion apart from the Church. These two articles in the creed, referring to the Church and the communion of believers, do not mean the same thing, though they are so connected that the one could not be there without the other.

The connection, here pointed out, may be illustrated by referring to a law, which everywhere regulates the manifestations of life. Form is always the product of life, and life cannot exist without form or embodiment of some kind. A human body, without life, is a mere corpse, whilst life, without body, is a mere phantom or ghost, which is a mere nonentity, notwithstanding the fears of the superstitious. Life may be of different kinds, and as a consequence, produce forms, or organ-

izations, that differ very widely from each other; yet, everywhere throughout the universe, we observe the principle of life seeking to externalize itself in a form commensurate with its nature, or inward principle. This is what is meant by the distinguished English theologian, when he says, that "corporeity is the end of God's ways." This tendency towards organization, is greater in proportion, as the activity of the vital principle is the more intense. Plants, and the lower animals, manifest it in a much lower degree, than the higher animals, and especially man, whose body in the adaptation of its various organs, we cannot contemplate, without feeling that it is fearfully and wonderfully made.

Keeping in view this law of life, we cannot suppose that the communion of saints, can exist without some outward expression or embodiment. To say, that the mere communion of the saints, is the Church, involves a palpable confusion of two ideas, that should be kept separate and distinct; it is, indeed, a manifest attempt to render void and useless, that article of the Creed, which requires of us to believe in a Holy Catholic Church; for, if they are synonymous, there was no need of two articles meaning the same thing, and the Church of all ages has been using a "vain repetition," in its profession of faith. This substitution of the inward life of believers for the Church, destroys the idea of the Church, and renders it a mere phantom, a mere idea, and that only of an abstract character. It also leaves no room for communion among believers; for this can exist only as it has a body to inhabit, and organs through which it shall live and act.

The idea of the Church, therefore, implies organization, at least, of some kind or other. The form, which it bears from age to age, may vary, and at times, be very inadequate to express the Divine Life proceeding from the Saviour. It may be wounded and bruised in the conflicts through which it passes; it may, sometimes, scarcely be recognized as something divine, just as the body of the Saviour was more marred than that of any other man, so that its heavenly beauty could not be recognized or admired: yet, as body and soul, in our earthly relations, go together, so must the communion of saints have its body or organization. It may be difficult to say, how much of the visibility or organization of the Church may be destroyed by a one-sided spiritualism, before it loses its identity, or before it ceases to be a Church. It is clear, however, that the Church ceases to exist apart from the *ministry*, which, together with

the sacraments and the word, have always been regarded as essential attributes of the Church; though, in our days some seem to imagine, that this might be dispensed with, and the Church would continue to live on. Instead of inquiring with how little of outward organization, the communion of believers may subsist without destruction, and thus manifesting a singular disposition to economize what God has designed to be used, the question should rather be, How much of it do the wants of Christianity demand? How far does the communion of saints ask for an embodiment? What kind of an organization will best subserve the interests of piety, and promote the realization of the Saviour's prayer, that his people might be one, as He and the Father are one? The solution of questions like these, will tell us what the Church *ought to be*, though it may give us a different idea of it, from what it now *is*, in its desolate, distracted, and imperfect state.

Whilst the communion of saints, as it is of the character of life, implies organization, it further implies that this organization should be harmonious and consistent throughout: that is, it demands that the Church of Christ should be visibly one, as it is invisibly one with its Head. It is not said, that there cannot be communion among saints, when the Church is outwardly divided; for it cannot be maintained that there is no communion among believers in our day, when the Christian community is confessedly divided. There may be communion between good men, though circumstances may be such as to require them to pursue different courses, and to have no special intercourse with each other. Love existed between Abraham and Lot, though the unfortunate strife among their herdsmen, made it necessary for the one to go to the right and the other to the left. But who would contend, that such a visible isolation of good men from each other's society, is the normal or the best relation for them to sustain to each other? So, because errors or bigotry, or other causes, which we do not fully comprehend, unite in keeping Christians apart from each other, how can any one, penetrated with the spirit of Christ, justify this state of things in the Church, as the best which we have a right to expect? How can any one, who believes in the mystical union of believers with Christ and one another, as an actual fact, believe that the system of sectism, so prevalent in our day, realizes the idea of the Church, as the body of Christ, the fulness of Him, that filleth all in all? Who that has Christian sympathies, believing as his fathers before him did, in a Holy Catholic

Church, and the Communion of Saints, can rest satisfied with the divided state of Christendom, and regard this state as in the main right? The various branches of the Church stand, to a great extent, separated from each other, in dreary loneliness, rendering it difficult, if not impossible, for them to exercise that charity, which is represented as the peculiar ornament of the Christian dispensation. Respecting this jarring, divided condition of the Church, the complaint of the poet, when he viewed the selfish, isolated state of the kingdoms of this world, has at least some force:

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

The fact, however, that the Church of Christ has not ceased to exist, amidst the numberless divisions into which it has been rent, can never be urged as a plea to justify them. He who is satisfied with them, or can extenuate them as anything more than evils sent upon the Church to be overruled for good, resembles the man who has become so habituated to the inconveniences of a prison-house, as to fall at length into love with them. Sectism and faith in the Church, are opposites, and exclude each other. The common consciousness of Christians everywhere, is opposed to sect or schism; the love which is spread abroad in their hearts, is Catholic and free, and disdains to be pent up within the walls of a narrow sect. Of like faith, of like hopes, of like aims and ends, the whole tendency of their inward life is towards visible as well as invisible unity. As yet, it cannot be maintained, that the inward life of Christianity has found its proper form and embodiment in the world. It nowhere appears properly as a body fitly joined together, and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part. It does not fully present itself to the world as a bride, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, as much united in itself as a single person is physically, and infinitely more so. The different branches of the Church, in many cases, occupy the position either of direct antagonism, or of cold indifference towards each other. The very idea of such a unity is frequently regarded as dangerous heresy. The tendency to organization in the Church, going forward, as it ever must, towards unity, is dreaded as fraught with danger to private and individual rights. It

is, indeed, not uncommon for modern reformers to affirm, that organizations are the shelter and defence of antiquated errors; that they are evils, and obstacles in the way of the progress of the age; and that they are increasingly dangerous in proportion to their antiquity. Hence, their hatred for old institutions, and their Vandal-like assaults to undermine them. The Churches of the Reformation, for instance, are too antiquated, and must, therefore, give way for new and better ones. They never dream, that, if ancient institutions, in passing from age to age, bring with them the dust of centuries, they have nevertheless been the bulwarks of the truth, and still contain in their time-worn halls the treasures of a former and better age. They resemble the traveler in Greece, who sees nothing but ruins in her ancient monuments, and has neither taste nor discernment, to perceive the beauty, that still lingers there. In their precipitous haste in the work of destruction, they do not give themselves time to reflect, that the fundamental truths of the gospel, such as the Trinity, the incarnation, and the articles of the creed, generally, are so firmly inscribed on the walls of the older ecclesiastical organizations, that nothing now can forever erase them; that if they had been written on adamant, they could not have been so secure from "time's effacing fingers," whilst on structures of the modern fashion, they are either not seen, or are written in such faint characters, that we have no security, that they will be legible to the generation which is to follow.

This radical opposition to ecclesiastical organization, overlooks the formative law of life, to which we have already referred. They are, therefore, violators of the laws of human progress, as well as of those of the Christian life. They flourish most in this country, where population is comparatively sparse, and society is as yet chaotic; when, however, this land from east to west, is filled with teeming millions, not only will society, but the Church also, become so fully organized, and so closely reticulated, that their individual, subjective views will be made to vanish before the onward progress of omnipotent Law, and be remembered only as the fanciful vagaries of a nation's infancy. The communion, which binds believers together into one, must become more external, and visible, or else lose its internal power or life. The Scripture teaches us to regard the progress of the Church, and so of her unity, as a gradual and progressive work. Thus the apostle says: "*Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of*

the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: That we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Eph. 4: 13, 14. Hence, when any branch of the Church presents her form, as something normal and fixed, for all ages of the world, as the Roman Catholics do, we may well grow suspicious and skeptical, in regard to such pretensions and claims. We may approve of the object had in view, the union of believers into one family and brotherhood of love, but we cannot adopt their means. Their catholicity is not a true catholicity, and we say to them, "Lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes, if thy house is to be a habitation for all the children of God."

When it is affirmed that the Church must be outwardly, as well as inwardly one, in order to be true to her nature, we assert a general principle, and here we close. It does not necessarily bring us to the question, what the particular form of the Church ought to be, whether Papal, Episcopal, or Presbyterian. This, we believe, to be one of secondary importance; for the communion of saints, when it comes to be fully realized in the world, will embody itself in a form, irrespective of our wishes, fancies, or speculations. As the divine life expands, and heaven-like penetrates the mass of humanity, it will take to itself a body, without consulting philosophers or theologians. Life universally is mysterious, and this is especially true of the kingdom of heaven. Here the wisdom of the wise is ever set at naught, and their speculations and prophecies respecting the future, become as frail as the spider's web, and are soon swept away by the renovating hand of time. For aught we know, either of the forms of ecclesiastical polity referred to might be selected by Infinite Wisdom, to serve as the earthly form of the Lamb's Bride; though it seems most reasonable to suppose, that in some way we do not now understand, the peculiar excellencies of each may be combined into a system, that shall excel any one of them, as much as the last development of the kingdom of heaven, shall exceed that through which we are now passing. What is most important, however, alike to theologians, and practical Christians generally, is, the feeling that the Church should be one, harmonious, and symmetrical throughout, and not as she now is, distracted, divided, and bearing in her bosom festering schisms and heresies. We need the right kind of feeling, with reference to the unity of

the Church, fully as much as we do the right kind of views. High respect for subjective, or personal piety, however proper in its place, will not suffice, as this is only one side of Christianity. There is another, which is equally, if not more important. Love for the Church, and a deep interest in her objective development, in her bridal beauty, which shall make her more and more a praise in all the earth, constitute the deepest want of our age.

To build up this side of the broken down walls of Zion, the elements of reconstruction are at hand. We have before us, for our imitation and encouragement, the Church of the holy apostles, when the brethren were all of one mind and of one spirit. In the Church at Jerusalem, when the Spirit was poured out, we have, what has often taken place in secular history, an anticipation of what is to be brought about more fully in the future. We have also the Apostle's Creed, which has not, as yet, vanished from the memory of the Church, certainly not from historical Churches. In that symbol of our most holy faith, the articles, I believe in a Holy Catholic Church, in the Communion of Saints, still remain, despite the havoc of the foe and the unbeliever, in the courts of the Lord's house. When these articles are intoned with the hearty amen of the sacramental hosts of the elect throughout the world, we may raise our eyes hopefully upwards, for the kingdom of heaven is nigh at hand.

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ART. III.—PARACELSUS, AND HIS INFLUENCE ON CHEMISTRY AND MEDICINE.

TO PARACELSUS,—a native of Switzerland—Chemistry is more indebted for a proper attention to its nature and design, by way of directing the public mind to its importance, than probably any one of those mighty minds that have travelled the path he pointed out and honestly grappled with such difficulties as might by found obstructing their progress. A course of investigation commenced with him, which had for its object, the

application of chemical remedies to the removal of disease, and tended, in a great measure, to dispel the miserable chimeras that were conjured up by the men of his time, as the close guardians of all knowledge. For *this* alone, though no actual contributions had been made by him to the stock of human knowledge, it would be right that his exertions should be properly understood at the present day; and a *proper* understanding of this, will induce us to overlook that otherwise intolerable presumption and egotism which seem to have pervaded his whole life.

Prior to his time, the profession of Medicine was mostly prosecuted as a mysterious art and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of empirical pretension, while Chemistry, at best, was only a search for the supposed method of transmuting baser metals into those of more value to mankind on account of their rarity and comparative indestructibility when exposed to the action of fire or the atmosphere. Its devotees enshrouded themselves and it, with all the mystery they could command through the wonderful effects of their re-agents, and the credulity of mankind. This last they lost, since long before Chemistry was freed from the trammels of mystery, mankind had forgotten how to be credulous. Credulity was completely driven away by the scorn and ridicule the arrogant students of Alchemy excited on all sides. Indeed Alchemy was based originally on mystery,—its very name (*al* the, *kemia* mysterious) indicating the view its own followers took of its end and design. Its origin likewise, probably in Egypt—the land of mystery,—associates it at once with the dark and the hidden. Its objects were neither to benefit man by teaching him those actions which take place in the vital laboratory, nor to afford him means of meeting an impaired organism, but only to procure those substances which minister alone to the baser passions of our nature.

Alchemy has generally been considered the invention of Hermes Trismegistus,—an Egyptian,—who is said by legendary history to have been the son of Ham. Of the personal history of this Hermes, nothing is now known save some contradictory statements, bearing on their face, evidence of modern origin; but a table, which is alleged to have been removed from his place of interment, with the inscription *Verba Secretorum Hermetis Trismegisti*, clearly shows that quite as much account was made of mystery by the father of this art as by his followers in after ages. He had an indistinct notion

that all nature was resolvable into one element and, in accordance with this idea, he says in the table ;—*Sicut omnes res fuerant ab uno meditatione unius ; sic omnes res natæ fuerunt ab hac una re adaptatione. Causa omnis perfectionis rerum ea est per universon hoc.* Hence he labored to procure the noble from the baser metals, considering it only necessary to cause a change of state in this *one* element to produce gold or silver at the will of the experimenter.

Aristotle, after Hermes, advanced the doctrine, that instead of one, there were four elements, from which all material substances were formed, and that these elements were earth, air, fire and water. Modern science has long since satisfied us, that three of these are compound bodies, and the fourth—fire, is the result of “intense attraction between two or more substances.” The doctrine of Aristotle, however, was held for centuries, until exploded by the Arabian Alchemists, under their great chief—Geber. The latter taught that all metals were composed of but two substances—mercury and sulphur, which, with salt, constituted the elements of all matter. The doctrine of the four elements had been forced to give way to another doctrine, equally as erroneous, but still worthy of note, as an indication of the progressive tendency of human investigation.

The Arabian division soon gave way before the discoveries that were almost daily stumbled on by the disciples of Geber, in Arabia, and others on the continent of Europe. The state of Alchemy at this time exhibited ever and anon a glimmer of that true light, which should afterwards contribute so much to man's wants, comforts, and luxuries. It was not the dawn of day, but the gradual disappearance of the thick darkness of midnight, which this period in the history of science truly displays. Phenomena were accumulating on the hands of its devotees, it is true, little understood and accounted for by occult causes, yet, it was necessary for such an accumulation, before truth could be deduced for the benefit of the race. Geber produced the first book ever written on this subject, and we learn, notwithstanding the mystic nature of his experiments,* “in general, it is written with so much plainness, that we can understand the nature of the substances which he employed, the processes he followed, and the greater number of the products which he obtained.” It would be a matter of much interest to examine the accumulated results of his obser-

* Thomson's History of Chemistry, vol. 1, page 117.

vations, but it would lead us too far away from our subject. We are only able to glance at this veteran Alchemist of Arabia, who, in despite of that indisposition to severe mental labor or diligent investigation of any subject, which marked his nature, evoked some little order out of the chaos which surrounded his favorite pursuit, and cleared the way for other and surer guides in the department of science.

Paracelsus was born in the year 1493, at Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, and probably had his attention turned to the profession of medicine quite early in life, as his father was a physician, and practised his profession in the place of his son's nativity. An education of a limited character at home, with a natural bent for experimenting on the nature and constitution of things around him, served to direct his attention in after years, when he roamed through different lands, picking up fragments of knowledge from all sides, to those chemical investigations which were to be of so much importance to the world. He visited France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and seems to have paid some attention to Chemistry, and kindred branches, as taught at the most distinguished Universities of those countries. With a looseness and lack of dignity, unknown to his profession at that time, he communicated freely, with all classes of people, on the subjects of disease and its remedies,—was boon-companion of all classes, whether professional or unprofessional, learned or unlearned, from men of the position of Erasmus and Oecolampadius, down to any garrulous old crone who would talk with eagerness on domestic remedies. By this mingling with all classes in society, and being looked up to with respect by most of them, he acquired a collected series of facts, which availed him much in his treatment of disease, and, at the same time, so inflated his vanity that he publicly consigned to the flames, in the presence of a large assembly, the works of Galen and Avicenna, declaring his shoe-strings were wiser than these two eminent writers. His family name, Bombast de Hohenheim, with the prefix, Paracelsus, was not sufficiently high sounding, and he called himself Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombastus de Hohenheim.

In 1527, he entered upon the duties of Professor of Medicine, at the University of Basle, being elected to that position by the magistrates of the town, at the instance of Oecolampadius. Here, in his vernacular, and occasionally in barbarous Latin, he lectured to large and enthusiastic audiences for

some time—attracting some really anxious to know those remedies he was introducing, so effectually, into medical practice, and others actuated by a desire to hear those denunciations he poured out *pleno rivo* on the heads of his rivals. His vanity and inflated style of speaking, largely increased by such flattering audiences, at last excited disgust and contempt with his class, and it dwindled down to a very meagre number.

But his faults were not confined to those of egotism and vanity,—they included drunkenness and licentiousness. In a state of intoxication, he generally entered his class-room;—visited his patients, and dictated his lectures, in a like condition. Doubtless, to this pernicious habit, must be attributed much of that pompous egotism, which proclaims so authoritatively: * “Me you shall follow, you Galen, you Rhazes, you Montagnana, you Mesue. I shall not follow you, but you shall follow me. I shall be monarch, the monarchy shall be mine.

* * What will you think when you see the sect of Theophrastus leading on a solemn triumph, if I make you pass under the yoke of my philosophy? Your Pliny will you call Caco Pliny, and your Aristotle, Caco Aristotle?”

He only retained his position, as Professor, for one year, having given up his chair in consequence of a quarrel with the magistrates of the town, with reference to a suit brought by him, against a rich ecclesiastic, which suit was decided against him. After this termination of his professional duties, he led a life of irregularity and drunkenness, roaming from place to place, accompanied by a number of followers, who adhered to him through good and evil fortune. His occasional cures of diseases, given up by the rest of the profession, served to retain for him a large share of his former reputation.

Ungoverned by religion, he denied the authority of the Pope, and denounced Luther,—the one for asserting that which Paracelsus did not believe, and the other for not condemning the Pope as heartily as he did. He looked upon the Scriptures as containing the sum of all knowledge, and also, as actually treating of all things. Medicine, he insisted upon it, must be given by a Theosophist; for such an one could see, by faith, more clearly into the hidden causes of disease, than any other man, on account of his inner illumination.

He boasted the possession of the philosopher's stone, and the Elixir Longæ Vitæ, and notwithstanding such a powerful adjutant to life, as the last should have been, he died in the

* Thomson's History of Chemistry, vol. 1, page 146.

Hospital of St. Sebastian, at Salzburg, 1541, in the 48th year of his age.

From this short sketch of his life and character, it is an easy matter to conclude that he was virtually an impostor,—without moral character, without any religious creed,—whose endurance, by the world, is only attributable to the startling and extraordinary success, which at times, attended his practice. We look at him with no desire to extenuate, or cover over, one of those stains which stand out so boldly in his character;—yet, with all their hideousness, we say the man did more for the cause of Chemistry, than any man of his day.

The world, prior to his time, recognized very little use in the study of Alchemy, or its child, *then* in swaddling clothes—Chemistry. He insisted upon its being absolutely indispensable to the physician, in the treatment of disease, and showed that many substances could be so altered by fire and Chemistry, that their properties might be changed from those of an injurious tendency, to such as would be advantageous to the living economy.

From this fact alone, which was setting old notions and modes of practice adrift down the stream of oblivion, an impetus was given to medicine, now telling with force, throughout the whole civilized world. Man was never created to follow any routine blindly; and though for centuries he may be induced to do so from habit, a deliverer will come who will teach him to throw off the galling yoke, and with the quizzing *cui bono*, induce him to investigate the reasons that forced him ever to bear it. Though such an one fall a victim to his own evil passions, and thus come short of the brilliant position he might have otherwise occupied, his body will serve as a bridge from dull, hide-bound servility to antiquated notions over to full, free, investigation into the nature of things. It is but fair to see what has been attained in this age, by those who have passed from the position of slavish obedience to the dicta of a master, to that *status* of science where they proudly boast themselves *nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*; and though their passage over may have been by a bridge, with no attractive exterior,—nothing to please the eye or gratify the taste,—still it demands all the credit for the facilities it has afforded.

From the time of Paracelsus and his disciples, down to the present day, medicine has yearly drawn heavy draughts on Chemistry, to elucidate the mysterious operations of the human

system. The operations of digestion,—consisting in the conversion of heterogeneous articles of food into a homogeneous mass,—has been explained by the action of chemical re-agents. Respiration merely performs for the blood the part of separating one gas and substituting another. Secretion is also based upon chemical laws. Thus many of the complex series of phenomena, which united are considered as life, are purely chemical in their character, and though they *cannot* be imitated out of the body without the presence of living, organized matter, yet, their character is thereby not affected in the least. It is true, the operations of the vital laboratory cannot be considered synonymous with those carried on in our laboratories with lifeless material, yet the former may be explained by the latter, both directly and by analogy.

The operations of a laboratory will go on, so long as the requisite materials are present in proper quantities, due regard being had to the necessary presence of heat, light, electricity and moisture. Affinity will show her mysterious changes, colors will lose their brilliancy, and the form of substances be changed from solid to liquid,—from liquid to gas,—or the opposite, as the abstraction or absorption of heat may take place. Now these effects will be produced, without being held in abeyance by any power, save those just mentioned—heat, light, electricity and moisture. With the operations of the living laboratory it is quite different. They are kept within certain bounds so long as life, or even health lasts, and only act in strict accordance with their legitimate chemical properties, when the vital spark has been extinguished. The changes after death, thus produced by the action of decomposition, in accordance with chemical principles, is noticed by Baron Cuvier, as follows: “* This separation of the elemental constituents of the body is the natural effect of the action of the air, humidity and heat; in a word, of external matter upon the dead body; and it has its cause in the elective attraction of those different agents for the elements of which the body is composed. That body, however, was equally surrounded by those agents while living, their affinities with its molecules were the same, and the latter would have yielded in the same manner during life, had not their cohesion been preserved by a power superior to that of those affinities, and which never ceased to act till the moment of death.”

Now Paracelsus first directed attention to this chemical ex-

* Lectures on Comparative Anatomy.

planation of many functions of the human system, and very rightly endeavored to govern them, when acting abnormally, by means of chemical agents. The actual importance of the vital principle in restraining these chemical operations within proper bounds was not *fully* understood by him, but the necessity of having some principle of this kind was perceived, and accordingly he attempted to meet this want by the supposition that there existed a demon in the stomach, who presided over all its chemical operations.

The archæus, who is allowed almost the same attributes we give to the vital force, was supposed to exercise the power of abstracting such substances from the ingesta as might contribute to the nutrition of the body, and to reject such as would be detrimental. The whole process of converting the food into healthy, nutritious chyle, was superintended by him, as well as the subsequent conversion of this chyle into blood. Hence, Paracelsus taught, that when the body was diseased, this archæus must be conciliated, and his power over the chemical operations of the stomach, brought into full action. Here we see foreshadowed the necessity of giving tonicity to the system, by attending to the functions of digestion. He attributed also the curing of all diseases to this archæus—the *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Prior to his time, remedies were brought to bear upon disease through some supposed mysterious power they *inherently* possessed, which caused the disease to flee, as a weaker party would before a stronger on the battle field. Medicines were understood to *cure disease*, and they were administered with reference to this effect alone. The fact that nature supplies each living being with a power of recuperation, which sometimes needs assistance to *enable it* to throw off morbid matter, was not at all understood. Indeed not only does nature possess such recuperative power, but most often what we consider disease, is merely an indication of nature's activity in removing morbid matter from the system. Medicine is, therefore, given with reference to assisting nature in this operation,—the ejection of intruding enemies from her walls;—it is an auxiliary to the vital force, and not the force itself, by which the disease is removed. This is most fitly shown in inflammation and fever, now considered as curative processes of nature,—and not its deadly enemies;—they are the means adopted by the system to remove poison from its inmost recesses. Often the invalid is not able to withstand the violence of this curative process,—the vital powers succumb and death

follows. The administration of medicines, with the view of suppressing these processes of nature, would be death itself; consequently medicines are given sometimes intelligently, and sometimes ignorantly, which act by *moderating* the violence of this conflict,—fitting the system to sustain the shock and thus to attain its original vigor and health. The power of medicines is not to eradicate disease, but to enable nature to drive it forth from its hiding-places,—or to strengthen the foundations of life which disease is endeavoring to undermine and overthrow. This idea certainly was present to Paracelsus' mind, and he repeatedly declares that medicines do not cure the disease, but the archæus who presides over the vital functions,—“that he has a head and hands, and is nothing else than the *spirit of life*, the sideric body of man, and that no other spirit besides, exists in the body.

Another subject, with reference to which, we owe much to the views of Paracelsus, is that of the proper preparation of medicines. Prior to his time, they were concocted of incongruous materials,—some opposing diametrically the action of others,—some completely inert, and many of a disgusting character. The famed Mithridate, composed of drastics, astringents, terebinthines, expectorants, antispasmodics, stimulants, carminatives, aromatics and tonics, along with dried vipers, constituted a compound, which had been considered specific for many diseases. This was, however, simple and unobjectionable, compared with many others in which mummies, and various other disgusting substances were exposed to decoction, and the resulting draught—little inferior in character, to the compound of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth,—was crammed down the throats of invalids. Paracelsus endeavored to obtain the active principles of medicinal agents, by means of extracts and tinctures. The quintessence of a thing, he insists upon it, should always be given to the sick, so that by its most powerful form it may induce the archæus to correct the diseased system.

The limited knowledge of the real properties of medicines, peculiar to the age, caused the propagator of this idea to fall short of carrying it out, or even of understanding it, in its full force. Extracts and essences as proposed by him, were, in many instances, mere figments of his brain. The liquor of the *moon* was supposed to have a particular tendency to the brain; and various solutions of gold and silver, were proposed for different diseases, which, considering the nature of the sub-

stances employed, must have possessed not an infinitesimal quantity of active material. The announcement of an idea, novel and revolutionary in its character, is not always accompanied by its most successful adaptation to practical purposes. The lengthy and contradictory prescriptions of the days of Paracelsus were continued down to a comparatively recent period, and were only completely removed from the practice of physicians, when fuller and more just understanding of the views advanced by him were attained and the chemical properties of medicines with their incompatibles were better understood. Indeed in the time of Van Helmont, physicians had become so reckless in their combinations that recovery was considered as "not the consequence of their prescriptions but in spite of them."

The love of Astrology and Alchemy—both implanted early in the mind of Paracelsus by his father,—was not easily removed, and hence we find that with all the justness of his views, as to the use of Chemistry in the art of Pharmacy,—he neglected its assistance in procuring remedial agents from the *vegetable* kingdom, and relied here on the doctrine of *Signatures*. From some peculiar form or color, vegetables were considered as adapted to the disease under consideration and were applied with confidence as to success. Signatures were considered by Paracelsus as of immense importance, and hence he calls for a study of the *chiromancy* of a plant, denominating the leaves its *hands*, in order to ascertain correctly its medicinal properties. A similar idea, in the following century, may have existed in Sir Thomas Browne's mind, when he states in his *Religio Medici*; " * I hold, moreover, that there is a phytognomy or Physiognomy, not only of man, but of plants and vegetables; and in every one of them some outward figures which hang as *signs* or bushes of their inward forms." The believers in this doctrine endeavored to enforce its truth by the argument that these forms and peculiarities were given to plants by the Deity, who enforced upon them such mystic, external signs in order to exhibit their internal qualities and relations to disease. With this kind of sophistry, they shut up all inquiry into the reason of the doctrine of signatures, and the minds of men, on account of reverence, feared to doubt what came from such high authority.

Chemistry entered its highest sphere of duty, when it was openly declared by Paracelsus that "its use was to prepare

* *Religio Medici*, 114.

medicines and not to make Gold." It had just begun to free itself from the dross and impurities of Magic and Alchemy, when attention was directed to it by him as a science of much importance, both for the proper preparation of such remedies as were already known and for the investigation of such new agents as might be presented to it for an examination of their qualities. In this way, Chemistry showed its good services to man, which have since been recognized by the civilized world. The medical profession universally acknowledge the utility of its study as an important subject in a medical education. It forms one of the branches taught in all their schools, whether regular or irregular, Allopathic, Homeopathic, Hydropathic or Eclectic. "*Tantus enim ille non est physicus, qui Chemicus non est,*" was said by *Ten Rhyne* in the seventeenth century,—writing somewhat more moderately on the subject than *Libavius*—one of *Paracelsus'* own students,—who says "*Medicus ille nequit esse magnus, cui Chymia non est magna.*" It is now fully understood that no man can practice the profession of Medicine with that intelligent satisfaction, one should always possess, unless a certain amount of knowledge of Chemistry be included among his mental qualifications.

By the aid of Chemistry we have driven out of use the unseemly preparations, which years ago constituted the only mode of treating disease, and have substituted those composed of a few articles selected for their peculiar adaptation to the case under consideration, and so prepared that the component parts are compatible with each other and suited to the wants of the system. This was a mighty revolution in the treatment of disease and does great honor to his name, to whom we are indebted for the suggestion. The complicated prescriptions of olden times resulted from a desire to modify or mitigate the action of some of their ingredients by adding others in themselves harmless and unsuited to the wants of the patient. As the imagination had forsooth to be worked upon, substances were added which should exercise some effect on it. The number of articles, which were then subjected to protracted decoction had their activity either entirely destroyed by combination with some chemical incompatible or volatilized by the continued heat. The decoction was then filtered from this *rudis indigestaque moles* and forced upon the patient who recoiled from the nauseous compound. The best diagnosis under such treatment could be of no avail. And every attempt to cure this state of things seemed to make it worse, as the ineff-

ficiency or positively injurious character of such compounds did not induce them to throw them away, but only suggested to their minds one mode of cure, and that was by still adding additional articles to make them more suited to the case.

The reform introduced by Paracelsus, has progressed slowly down to the present time, when the principle, that the simpler the compound, the more useful in disease, appears to be universally acknowledged. The way has been more thoroughly opened for the employment of the essential qualities of medicines by the discovery of the alkaloids which constitute the essence of their activity, and hence there is little or no reason at present for the administration of copious draughts of any decoction, when the efficiency of these draughts may be found in a portion of a grain of the substance itself. The discoveries of Cavantow, Setiuvner and Pelletier only cleared the way for the attainment of Paracelsus' idea, that all medicines should be given in "their quintessences."

The substances which were introduced to the world by Paracelsus, as possessed of medicinal properties, are neither few nor unimportant in their character. Prominent among them, were the different preparations of Mercury, called at that time *argentum vivum* or quicksilver. Certain diseases, which were beyond the control of any other agent, yielded directly to the application of these mercurials. But the herculean doses, in which they were occasionally exhibited, proved too powerful for the system and many cases of death are recorded as succeeding this treatment. These were necessarily overshadowed by the few extraordinary cures occasionally effected, and which prevented the new treatment of Paracelsus from becoming odious to the people. Dr. Paris states that Paracelsus was undoubtedly the first man who dared to use mercury internally as a medicinal agent, "and that though Avicenna had asserted it was not so injurious as the ancients had imagined, yet he did not attribute to it many virtues; he merely says, *Argentum quidem vivum, plurimi qui bibunt, non laeduntur eo.*" To Paracelsus must therefore be attributed the first use of the preparations of this important agent medicinally. For centuries misunderstood,—blindly given at one period for all diseases coming under the eye of the practitioner, and as blindly rejected at another, as unsuited to any form of disease,—the action of Mercury, has become more and more thoroughly understood by the profession, and in consequence *properly* appreciated. It required the lapse of years, after its introduction,

before sufficient evidence could be collected for the formation of correct opinions, as to its proper therapeutical qualities. These were eventually attained, and the value of this agent, in *certain* forms of disease, is now recognized by the members of the medical profession all over the world.

Antimony, which had been largely used in his practical, and occasionally fatal experiments, on his monastic brethren by Basil Valentine, was first properly introduced to the world by Paracelsus, who was an ardent admirer of the old Benedictine monk. We are also indebted to him for the introduction of *Opium*.

These three important agents in the *Materia Medica*,—Mercury, Antimony and Opium,—were thus first introduced to professional notice by Paracelsus. There is no room for astonishment at the success of the man, though surrounded with those repelling qualities which spring from vaulting ambition, accompanied by egotism of the boldest kind, and the vilest species of immorality. The treatment of the reigning Galenical school, composed of incongruous articles, jumbled together in complicated prescriptions, and administered with all the solemnity that empirical pretension exhibits in contact with ignorant credulity, fell short of the effect it was designed to accomplish. Not even the magical incantations, which accompanied the preparation of some of their remedies, seemed to be of avail, when acute disease racked the emaciated frame, nor did the sideric influences compel the surrender of the offending cause. Hence, cases of this character, and those where chronic disease had slowly and insidiously attacked the inmost vitality of man, and by gradual approach, was reducing it to a lower and still lower *status*, were unsuccessfully treated by the Galenists. The boldness of Paracelsus induced him to exhibit the powerful remedies, which had come into his possession, and occasional cures of men, given up by other modes of treatment, sent his name far and wide over the country, and really constituted the reason for his being tolerated, when he exclaimed, that "the very down of his bald pate had more knowledge than all other writers, the buckles of his shoes more learning than Galen or Avicenna, and his beard more experience than all their Universities."

His success at this time, and under such circumstances, necessarily made him many enemies, whose rage died not as long as he lived. His boast, that he had cured eighteen princes, after the disciples of the Galenical school had utterly failed to

produce any impression on their diseases, only fanned the fires of opposition, so that his conduct was closely watched by those who wished to destroy an opponent,—now doubly formidable to them, on account of his occasional wonderful success, and the crowds of partizan-admirers who continually surrounded him. Such a system of espionage might have destroyed a much better man than Paracelsus, whose drunkenness and licentiousness had almost become a proverb. His vanity had led him also to proclaim, boastingly, that he could cure *all* diseases, and could prolong human life, indefinitely. The means of effecting the latter, consisted in an Elixir, of his invention, the absolute futility of which, was very satisfactorily proved, in accordance with the account of his biographer, by its being along side of him, or in his pocket, when he died at Salzburg.

The system of dispensary practice,—or medical attendance to that class in society, which is unable to afford pecuniary compensation, is said to have originated with Paracelsus. This is a bright redeeming trait in his character. To afford relief to suffering humanity, whether able to compensate, for services rendered, in gold or not, is certainly sufficient to entitle one to the thanks of his race,—to justify his claims to be called a benefactor of mankind,—in the highest degree, a philanthropist. There are, however, two motives which prompt men to such deeds,—one entitling them to the respect and esteem of their fellow men,—the other merely exhibiting the livery of heaven to worship mammon in,—being kind and attentive to the poor, because it is felt that all this must reflect credit on them among the rich,—that it is an expenditure of labor which must eventually bring in a handsome per centage. The first motive, renders the possessor, worthy of that title by which Luke is called, in the New Testament, “the beloved physician;” the second, entitles the practitioner to the name of a mere tactician—a man of policy.

Now it is doubtful, whether such a man as Paracelsus, was ever actuated by disinterested motives, in establishing a custom, that has done so much good for suffering humanity. It is more probable, that, perceiving his abuse of the profession would prevent him from receiving that encouragement from the wealthier classes that he expected, he was induced to offer his services, gratuitously, to the poor. In this way, he would not only have an opportunity of exhibiting such professional skill as he possessed, but would, at the same time, gather around him a crowd of warm partizans, whose support would

give countenance to his conduct. The exhibition of his skill would eventually attract some in the higher ranks of society, while the partizans, previously gained, would be of use in forcing the community to tolerate the invective he so lavishly poured on the heads of the physicians of his day. Such, doubtless, were the motives of Paracelsus, in establishing this species of gratuitous practice among the poor. Sown by the craft of policy, it attained for its projector, reputation and wealth,—both lost through his own unworthiness. Since that day, it has been watered by the dews of fraternal kindness, and nursed by heavenly charity, until it now stands forth one of the noblest results of man's sympathy for his fellow-man. The philanthropic spirit, which induces such attention to the sufferings of man, without reference to subsequent recompense, is like that mercy which

"droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

The character of Paracelsus affords a striking contrast with the benefits he has conferred on mankind,—so striking indeed, that we can hardly conceive the former to have proceeded from such a polluted source. His boasted pretensions mark him an impostor and the very archetype of quackery. But we are indebted to him for the association of Chemistry with Medicine, and for the bold announcement, that the highest use of the former was to aid and assist the latter; for measurably diverting the public mind from fruitless searches after the philosopher's stone, and directing it to more rational and useful investigation in the domain of Chemistry proper; for establishing the system of gratuitous dispensation of medicines to the poor, and thus preventing a man's misfortunes from depriving him of scientific advice and remedies suited to his disease; and lastly, for that boldness with which he cut loose the cord that had formerly bound men's opinions fast to the dogmas and dicta of Galen and Avicenna, and set his profession a proper example of thinking for themselves,—debating in their own minds the justice of their predecessor's conclusions before adopting them as their own.

The disciples of the Galenical schools used all efforts in their power, to put down this bold attack on their birth-right. Since their *practice* evidently could not justify them in the eyes of the world, they were obliged to resort to force—that certain

sign of a bad cause—to arrest the progress of their opponents. This they endeavored *first* to obtain through public opinion, by boldly declaring that the powerful remedies suggested by Paracelsus, and used by him and his disciples, in their practice, were poisonous. But the astonishing cures already produced by this school with such remedies, had prejudiced the public in their favor. The Galenists *then* called on the Faculty of Paris, and these gentlemen, according to Thomson, formally “prohibited their fellows and licentiates from using any chemical medicines, whatever.” Not satisfied with such a general prohibition, by a decree, promulgated Dec. 5, 1603, they called upon all Parisian physicians to abstain from consulting with Turquet—a follower of Paracelsus,—because he had used antimonial preparations in his practice. The decree states: “*Ipsum Turquetum indignum judicat, qui usquam medicinam faciat, propter temeritatem, impudentiam et veræ medicinæ ignorantiam.*” Such was the character of one of the highest authorities, representing the followers of Galen, in the sixteenth, and at the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. To brave authority so bigoted, so opinionated as this, was no small work; to stand forth and receive a thousand lances from an opposing enemy, may be considered a rash thing, and yet such an act may so deprive them of weapons that a thousand can then rush upon the enemy and take the field. Peril of this kind, encountered with pure motives, entitles a man to the name of patriot; if with selfish views, he is less entitled to the meed of praise. In either case, the good done for humanity, is the *same*, though the motives for doing it be very different.

The charm of *authority* once destroyed,—the reverence paid to hoary antiquity, merely because it *was* antiquity, without considering its *claims* to our respect or reverence, once lost,—medical men once taught to think for *themselves*, and in that thinking, to discover the race was made for advancement in knowledge, and not for stagnation; these effected by Paracelsus were the low, murmuring sounds of a revolution, which gained strength day by day, until the overturn of the threadbare doctrines of Galen, and the establishment of more enlightened views of Pathology and Therapeutics,—resulting from the application of Chemistry to the study of the human system—announced a new era in Medicine.

The history of every man contains something that may be of use to his fellow-man, if its *morale* be read aright. In this of Paracelsus, we can see the danger that attends prosperity,

as well as the odium and contempt which will ever be excited by vanity and self-sufficiency; we can also see the incalculable benefits that may arise from boldness and independence in attacking old errors. Though the giant of old had fresh vigor given him every time he was thrown to the ground; yet the strength of his conqueror was able to hold him up from his mother earth and dispatch him. Error, on its own ground, may flourish,—dragged on other soil, or lifted up into the purer atmosphere of truth, it is readily dispatched.

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ART. IV.—THE ISLAND OF ÆGINA.

A Piræeo in Æginam complures Græci Romanique homines eadem in navi transmittébamus. Nox fuit, et clemens mare, et anni æstas, cælumque liquide serenum. Sedebamus ergo in puppi simul universi et lucentia sidera considerabamus.

Aulus Gellius 11. 21.

WITH what enthusiasm does the Western traveller describe the pleasing emotions which the immense prairies excite in his mind—those extensive rolling plains covered with luxuriant verdure and millions of flowers, those deep and picturesque ravines of the Colorado River, and the forest clad banks of the Gila, with their gigantic trees and tropical vegetation. From the snowy tops of the Rocky Mountains he contemplates, with delight, the immense horizon of other ridges and table lands, with lakes and rivers and beautiful valleys, without a trace of the habitations of man, without a history, nay, without a name! He himself is the discoverer of unknown regions, which, in the short period of his own lifetime, may become the seat of civilization and industry, of flourishing cities and a happy and independent people. Even the dangers and hardships he undergoes in his perilous enterprize have their charms, in the stilly hour when storms are gone, and their reward in the new resources for human activity, which he lays open to the world.

How different are our feelings while travelling in the East, on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, where *all* is tradition and history, where every hill and dale presents traces of an ancient civilization, that has perished during the storms of centuries and the barbarity of man, where even Nature herself seems exhausted with her efforts and we more admire the wild barren grandeur of a classical scenery,

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,

than the present fertility of regions so long abandoned to desolation and solitude.

It was particularly, during my lonely wanderings over the hills of Ægina, that I would recall to my mind the glorious ages of the ancient Æginetans and contrast the high cultivation of this celebrated island, its beautiful cities, its splendid monuments of art, its warlike and industrious inhabitants, its commerce, riches and political importance in antiquity—with the barrenness of its mountains, the scanty produce of its rocky soil, and the poverty and ignorance of the few mariners and rustics that at the present day live dispersed over its valleys and coasts.

Every island has quite a particular charm for the human mind. It forms a world by itself, where we soon feel at home. The sea keeps us aloof from the warring interests of life, and in the seclusion of the small space around us, we enjoy a tranquillity of mind, a taste and ardor for study and mental pleasures which so often are distracted and lost in the continual vicissitudes and revolutions of the Continent. If this charm of an insular retreat was felt so strongly by the Scandinavians, even in the gloomy and hoary North, among the precipices and glaciers of rugged Iceland, and gave birth to their exalted poetry and the glowing pictures of their early history, how much more must it be felt on the fairy isles of the South,

Where summer skies and summer women smile,

on those isles of the blessed, where Homer placed his Circe and Calypso; and where Odysseus was feasted by the hospitable Phæaceans. These were my feelings during the two years, the happiest of my life, which I passed in the island of Æakos. Afterwards, when the College of the Euelpides, to which I was attached at that time, was removed to the Peiræus, I would often leave the busy and turbulent port, and for a few

days hurry across the Saronic gulf to the low, terraced cottage of my hospitable friend, Barba-Dimitri, situated on the western promontory, whence I always, with renewed delight, enjoyed the splendid prospect of the sea and distant mountains of the Peloponnesos.

It is the serenity of the sky, the wonderful transparency of the atmosphere and its gorgeous hues, the almost constant calm on the dark-blue sea, and the bold, precipitous outlines of coasts and mountains, which give such a particular charm to Ægina and the islands of the Egean. A western traveller, on entering the Archipelago for the first time, would rest astonished, and disappointed, perhaps, at the appearance of those groups of violet-tinged, bleak and barren rocks, rising from out the sea. The continual action of the waves has washed off the sandy fore-lands of the Cycladian islands; all along the projecting capes deep vaulted caverns open upon the sea, wherein the breakers foaming and chafing, wage an eternal war with the rocks. Nothing can be more exciting than a passage along their iron-bound coast, in a light caique, with its broad lateen sail swelled by a brisk northern breeze, that makes it bound over the deep blue surge. And yet what a wild scenery! Not a field, not a tree or shrub to gladden the eye; nay, we may for days sail along the rugged coasts of Andros, Tinos, Naxos and Samos, without discovering a village or a human dwelling. The American traveller must *accustom* himself to the classical scenery of Italy and Greece, which differs so much from that of the rich fields and wood-clad hills of Virginia and of the verdant and highly cultivated coasts of the West India islands. But let him land on Ægina or Naxos and penetrate into the interior valleys, hid from the sea by the projecting promontories, and he will fancy himself all at once transported into one of the Hesperian Islands of the blessed. Beautiful corn fields, vineyards, orange and olive groves, cover the flanks of the narrow valleys, where along the banks of small streams, descending from the lofty mountains in the centre of the island, thickets of myrtle, laurel, agnus castus and purple oleander, fill the air with their fragrance. The villages and convents, generally in strong positions on the mountains, lie far off from the coast, in order the better to secure them from the sudden landing of the pirates. It often seemed to me as if the monks, from a real sense and appreciation of the beauty of the landscape around, had chosen the most romantic and picturesque sites for their sanctuaries.

Ægina is less productive than several others of these islands, but it is the most celebrated with regard to its early traditions, its arts, its commercial importance, and victorious fleets. Even to the present day, we admire the astonishing monuments of architecture and sculpture, of that ingenious people, who, in so small an island, was able strenuously to oppose the haughty kings of Sparta, the ambitious republic of Athens and by their brilliant valor against the Persians to gain the palm of pre-eminence by the universal voice of all Hellas.

Thus then it is both nature and art, the history both of ancient and modern times, which render *Ægina* well worthy to be visited by every western pilgrim whose heart and imagination is susceptible of vivid and delicate emotions.

Old Pindar has promised us a hospitable reception in *Ægina*, "the island of the warlike Dorians." Let us take him on his word;—let us await the rising moon and the land breeze in the Peiræus and then with all our sails spread, like Aulus Gellius and his Greek sophists of old, plough the phosphoric deep of the Saronic gulf and land in the kingdom of *Æakos*. There we shall review the ancient harbors, the temples, with their statuary, the sepulchres, artificially excavated in the bosom of the rocks, the elegant vases, with their ingenious decorations—and that truly classical scenery which our imagination may repeople with the spirited race, who has left us all those immortal testimonies of their history.

The island of *Ægina* is situated in the beautiful Saronic Gulf, at the distance of twenty miles S. S. W. from the Peiræus, thirty miles S. E. from Corinth, and only six miles east of the nearest point of the Morea, the high and conspicuous promontory of Methana. It has the form of an irregular triangle, the base of which runs east and west, nearly parallel with the distant coast of Megara, while its apex turns south, facing the island of Poros, the ancient Calauria. Its circuit, according to Strabon, is one hundred and eighty stadia, or twenty-four miles.

The southern and eastern coast is steep and inaccessible; on the north and west, on the contrary, the hills slope off more smoothly toward the sea, and a small, fertile plain extends south of the city, toward the *perivoli*, or the orange-garden of Pertica. Yet though the coast appears open and of easy access, many lurking shoals and detached rocks, rising almost to the surface of the water, made the navigation of the shores and environs of *Ægina* be considered so dangerous in antiquity,

that the natives, in their pride, used to exclaim: that these bulwarks of their free and happy island had been placed along their shores on the request of their mighty ruler, Æakos, by father Jove himself, to protect them from the incursions of the Carian corsairs, scouring the seas in those remote times, and that those rocks principally contributed to the security and prosperous industry of their small republic in the midst of envious and hostile neighbors.

The highest mountain of the island lies on the south and rises to an elevation of nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its conical form terminating in a peak, its huge masses, descending in sloping terraces or wild precipices, its rich, poetical traditions—all combined, makes it the most prominent object in the both grand and pleasing scenery of Ægina. A monstrous crime had been committed in Hellas, and for this the gods had smitten all the country with famine and barrenness. The oracles affirmed, that nothing would relieve Greece from that intolerable misery, except the prayers of the ruler of Ægina, Æakos, the most pious of mankind. Accordingly envoys from all parts of Greece flocked to Ægina to prevail upon the hero to offer up prayers for them. They all followed him to the summit of the mountain, where the sacred rites were performed. On his supplication the gods relented, and the sufferings immediately ceased. The grateful Greeks established on the mountain the temple and worship of Zeus Panhellenios, which remained as one of the lasting traditional monuments and institutions of the island. On the vertex of the mount stands a chapel, the foundations of which are constructed with immense blocks of limestone of ancient workmanship, being no doubt remains of the Panhellenion of Æakos. The Christian church is dedicated to the prophet Elias, who in every part of Greece has succeeded to the Olympian in the consecration of the loftiest mountain-tops at a time, "when the stream of Paganism glided into a Christian channel with a soft and easy current," as a learned clergyman says, "when Pagan temples became Christian churches, and deities and heroes were transformed into saints and martyrs."

There is something grand and poetical in the idea of the Greeks placing their statues and altars on the highest mountains, and ascending in solemn procession to offer yearly sacrifices and thanksgivings to their gods. On Mount Parnes and Hymettos in Attica, the altars of Jove have not yet been discovered, but on Mount Lykaïos in Arkadia, we still to this day

see the rough hewn altars and sacred enclosures, strown over with the petrified horns and bones of the victims.

"When a cloud settles on the Panhellenion, then Father Zeus will send us his showers," was an old saying, which is often repeated by the present Æginetans, with the difference, however, that they now ascribe the benefit to their protecting Saint. The Mount of St. Elias or "*to Oros*" (the mountain,) as the moderns call it *par excellence*, is indeed as unfailing a metereological beacon as Mount Hymettos, and whenever I saw the clouds gathering round its head, I was sure that the lightnings soon would flash, the thunders roll, and heavy showers, suddenly deluging the valleys, would transform the scanty rivulets into foaming torrents and carry them headlong down to the distant coast.*

The panoramic view from the ruins of the Panhellenian sanctuary, far away over land and sea, is grand beyond description, and particularly beautiful in spring and autumn, before the setting in of the heat of summer, when no cloud, no breath of air, disturbs the wonderful serenity of the surrounding atmosphere. I have seen in Greece, many admirable views on the coasts of the Peloponnesos, on the Islands of the Ægean and on the snow-capped tops of the Arcadian highlands, where immense ridges are rising one above another, in many diverging lines, or receding in the clearest and most distinct perspective, as far as my eyes could reach, but no view in Greece can equal this here from the Panhellenion, in rich magnificence or in attractive beauty.

We stand there sufficiently elevated to command the whole island of Ægina, with its capes and bays, swimming on the broad bosom of the dark blue gulf. On the east we have volcanic precipices, the temple ruins far below on the plain, the sea, and the entire coast of Attica; on the south, the rocky island of Belbina, the Cycladian Archipelago, visible as far as Syra, Naxos and Paros; on the west, the small picturesque islands of Monni and Angistri immediately before us, and beyond Hydra, Poros, the promontory of Methana and the high ridges of Argolis, and on the north, the bold outline of the Skironian rocks, the plain and city of Megara, bounded by the woody heights of the distant Cythæron.

Other mountain-views are sometimes taken from too ele-

* In October, 1836, a sudden thunder shower, coming down during my lectures at College, swept away several houses, and forming a deep gully through the vineyards, cut off our communication with the town for several hours.

vated a position; we there lose the exquisite beauty of the details in the dim chaos floating at our feet. Such was my impression on Mount Taygetos in Laconia, and Mount Parnassos in Phocis—but here on the Agios Elias, we enjoy the full and rich variety of the most classical scenery in the world.

We now descend to the lower ridge of the Oros, which running northward forms, as it were, the back-bone of the island. There, in the crater of an extinct volcano, stands a monastery of St. Elias, strongly fortified with high battlemented walls and towers, and surrounded by groves of chesnut trees and sombre cypresses. Several Kalogers or Greek monks of the order of Saint Basile with high caps and long beards live in the convent, and offer a hospitable reception to the traveller. The church is gloomy but neatly kept; the library contains only a few dusty missals and prayer books, but the hall of the *musaphirides* (guests) is comfortable, and the supper and wine excellent. The friars daily perform divine service; they guard their flocks, and cultivate their fields, vineyards and olive groves, uniting in the same person both the priest and the husbandman. On the ascension-day the Æginetans with their wives and children, on foot and on mules'-back, make a pilgrimage to the church of their saint, where a public dinner is served in the convent garden, and the multitude then spend the day pleasantly with dancing and music on the lovely hills around.

On the north of the island, and divided from the Agios Elias by a deep dell, is situated another conical mountain, by the natives called "*to schismeno vouno*," or the split mount, which likewise shows a hollow, circular crater of blackened hues, and the devastating effects of volcanic agency by immense heaps of a brown pumice, ashes and a gray-colored lava, the latter of which is used by the Æginetans as mill-stones.

We have no historical account of volcanic eruptions in the island of Ægina; the activity of its volcano may possibly have occurred in times preceding our written memorials. In a later period we find a highly interesting account in the geography of Strabon, describing the sudden and tremendous explosion of another volcano on the promontory of Methana, lying immediately opposite to Ægina. There an immense pile of flames blazed forth all over the gulf and hurled stones and entire rocks far away into the sea, which, at a distance of five stadia, continued hissing and boiling from the influence of the

subterranean fire. The crater of that mountain has a height of three thousand feet; the ascent to it is as difficult and fatiguing as that to Mount Vesuvius in Italy, and the view from its summit is as interesting. At its base are situated some hot springs, containing sulphurate and hydrochlorate of soda and magnesia; they are mentioned by Pausanias, and were frequented as early as the third century before our era.

The neighboring islands of Hydra and Calauria are both volcanic and earthquakes are frequent and violent in this region. Some thirty years ago, a violent shock precipitated one of the columns of the temple of Aphrodite, near the city of Ægina. I witnessed an earthquake there on the 20th of March, 1837. It was a very sultry day and a perfect calm. At 10 o'clock in the morning, while I was standing before the open window, doors, shutters and furniture instantly began to rattle and to shake and an unearthly, howling or whining sound passed rapidly through the air. I thought that a sudden hurricane had broke loose, and perceiving clouds of dust arise in the street, and cries and lamentations to re-echo from the neighboring houses, I hurried out through the portico where my servant Georgi was lying on his knees, crossing himself and praying fervently. In one minute and a half the shock was over. Georgi arose and said gravely: "Affendi! 'Tis awful! The Lord now looks down upon the earth, poor sinners that we are!" Several buildings had been damaged, and the military college became so ruinous that the whole corps of cadets were removed to the Peiræus a few months later. It is a remarkable fact, which by the Greeks was looked upon as a sign of the direct interference of Providence, that on the very day, when the last detachment of the cadets with their professors and officers had embarked in the port of Ægina and were going to set sail for the Peiræus, the building suddenly broke down and would certainly have buried us beneath its ruins, if we had staid a few hours longer. In the island of Hydra and Poros the destruction was still greater; hardly a house was without some damage, and several persons perished beneath the ruins of the clock tower of the cathedral falling down on the square below.

The soil of Ægina is stony on the surface, dry and of a light reddish color; but beneath this rocky crust is found a fertile mold, productive of barley, wine, figs, almonds, olives, cotton and all other southern fruits. The fig is one of the sweetest and most delicious in the East. This soil was exca-

vated with great industry by the ancient Æginetans, who forming artificial terraces, cultivated the barren and rocky hills all over the island. Everywhere in my wanderings through the interior I met with these ancient terraces, in *regular steps*, encircling the stony hills to their summit. The earth, which they formerly had supported and with which they had been covered, has in the long course of centuries been washed away; weeds and fragrant shrubs now overgrow the inclosures of the old Myrmidons, the aboriginal inhabitants, whose assiduous activity gave rise to the fable of Zeus having, at the request of his son Æakos, transformed ants—*myrmikes*—into men, and thus quickly peopled the desert rock of Ægina.

Its mild and healthy climate is proverbial, and the winter so pleasant that stoves are unknown, and the windows without panes, only closed with shutters at night. The air is dry and elastic and the atmosphere so beautifully transparent that space appears to diminish, and objects which are really many miles off, seem close at hand. From the Panhellenian mountain we are able to distinguish the columns of the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens, at a distance of twenty five miles! The temperature on an average ranges between 60° and 90° Fahrenheit; during the bright winter days, however, the cold is sometimes intense for a few days, when the fierce Boreas or north wind, descending from the snowy peaks of Mount Parnassos, stirs up the gulf. The scene then suddenly changes. The sea blackens, the shores whiten, and the heaving waves break thundering against the head-lands. I then often hastened to the northern promontory, and looking out for some sheltered nook, I there, enveloped in my capote, enjoyed that tremendous strife of the elements,—while the Æginetans, in their dismay, disappeared from the bazars and shutting themselves up in their dwellings, cowered down around their *manghali* (fire-pot), and groaned over the terrible winter. The waves, pent up among the many rocky islands and lashed by the tempest, rise to an incredible height; during these swells, by the Greeks called *phouskothalassia*, all communication with the main land is cut off, and travellers have sometimes been our unwilling guests for six or eight days. Nay, on a morning in January, 1836, I found all the shipping in the port sitting high on the quays with their bowsprits driven through the walls and windows of the adjoining houses!

Spring commences in March, when the almond trees stand in full bloom all over the hills. In June the heat often rises

to 100°, but the air is most pleasantly refreshed by the sea-breeze, called *embatis*, which generally sets in about nine o'clock in the morning and blows gently all day till sunset, when it dies away. An hour or two later the land-wind—*enghasia*—springs up and continues till day-break; therefore the ships leave the island during night, and enter the Pieræus with the sea breeze the next morning.

The Greeks explain this regularity of the winds by supposing that the atmosphere on the land, becoming rarified by the heat of the sun during the day, the cooler air of the sea rushes in to fill up the vacuum so caused—whereas at sunset, the equilibrium of the temperature being restored by the removal of the cause of heat, the prevailing winds find no further obstruction and resume at night their usual course, according to the laws prescribed by nature.

The bathing season in Ægina corresponds in some manner to that of the Virginia Springs in this country. The great heat continues till the end of August, at which period a sudden thunder storm, frequently accompanied by slight earthquakes, cools the air and announces the enchanting season of autumn. The heavy showers of October generally fall during night; in November the parched fields become clothed with a rich verdure, and the ploughing and sowing begins. This is the real Indian summer; by the Greeks called *kalokairaki*, which lasts till Christmas. January is bright and chilly; the only rainy and unsettled month is February, though winter sometimes passes without *a single drop of rain*. This remarkable phenomenon took place in 1837. The superstitious Æginetans attributed the unusual dearth to the wrath of Providence on account of a terrible crime, which a few months before had been committed in the island. Two brothers, young Hydriote Captains, returning with a sum of money from Athens, had been murdered in the port of Ægina and their ship sunk. The criminals, two pirates from the late Turkish war, who had settled in the island, were convicted, condemned and shot and their corpses interred in one of the ancient sepulchres, situated on the hill near the city. The cunning Greek priests in the mean time perceiving that a change in the atmosphere was at hand, called the people together and requested them to conciliate the saints by throwing the corpses of the two murderers into the sea, and by thus purifying the soil, they said, rain would be granted by the *Panaghia*—the Holy Virgin. The bigotted multitude, led by the clergy, with crosses and images,

and chanting psalms and hymns all along the way, then marched off to the rock-tombs, where they, to their amazement, found the dead bodies still unconsumed and in perfect preservation, on account of the dry and rocky soil of the island. The prayers and ceremonies then began anew and it was not until late at night that the whole procession passed my windows, dragging the bodies, by ropes, along with them. They finally ascended the promontory and precipitated the lacerated corpses into the sea below—a horrible spectacle! At midnight clouds had begun to gather on the summit of the Panhellenian mountain, and when in the morning the rain suddenly commenced to pour down in torrents, the satisfaction of Æginetans and their veneration of the Blessed Virgin, knew no bounds.

Snow is almost unknown in Ægina, but when, on a stormy winter day, in the year 1836, some flakes of snow fell on the hills, during the visit of king Lewis of Bavaria, the Æginetans again exclaimed: that it was His *Barbarian Majesty* who had brought his own German winter along with him.

The times are now no more—when thousands of daring and wealthy Æginetans on their fleet vessels traded on all the shores of the Mediterranean—when their thousands of slaves were tilling their fields and terracing their vineyards and olive groves—when the Æginetan works of art of a Smilis, a Kallon and an Onatas were praised and imitated as the master-pieces of Grecian genius, when their numerous galleys submerged the Athenian fleets and the strong walls and towers of their city and harbors so bravely withstood all the exertions of their powerful antagonists. Roman despotism and Byzantine persecutions have swept away the Dorian race and their monuments. Yet modern Ægina, with its peaceful and assiduous, though poor and ignorant, six thousand inhabitants, is still to this day, one of the most beautiful and most happy spots on earth! Nor have the ravages of the late war of independence reached its secluded valleys; quite on the contrary, it became for a long period the central seat of the Government of Count Capo d'Istrias, and the refuge of thousands of islanders from the Egean, who fled from the sword of the Turks, and were here nourished and supported by the generous and truly Christian exertions of their sympathizing brethren of the United States of America.

The prospect of the island is prettily diversified with hills and dales. The northern slopes of the principal ridge are well cultivated, and the extensive plain running along the coast on

the west, is covered with beautiful wheat and barley fields and vineyards, interspersed with fruit trees. The uncultivated parts of the island on the east, and the rugged southern coast are feathered with pines, cypresses, juniper, lentiscus and other southern shrubs, which generally grow on the mountains of Greece. The modern town of Ægina is situated on the north-western coast, on the ruins of the ancient capitol and its extensive harbors. There are no villages in the interior; but many isolated farms and cottages, with flat roofs and low enclosures, are scattered about all the more fertile parts of the island. The Æginetan farmer is the owner of his estate; he is frugal and laborious, good humored and hospitable, and differs in character from the quarrelsome, selfish and proud citizens in the town, many of whom are Hydriotes and Greeks from the main land. During my wanderings over the hills, the farmer would always call out to me from afar, not to pass his house, and to take my supper with him. His frugal fare consists in goat's cheese, olives, dried figs, a piece of barley bread and a strong and excellent wine, to which, however, the foreigner must accustom himself, as it is inspissated with the juice of the pine, and therefore has taken a somewhat bitter taste. Mixed with water it resembles strong and good beer, and is very refreshing during summer. The Æginetan laborers seldom eat any meat, except on their festal days, when they slaughter a fat kid or goat, the taste of which is rank and unpleasant. The fish caught on the coast are delicious and very cheap, while poultry, eggs, and vegetables, are as dear as at Athens, because the Æginetans send all their provisions to the capitol and the foreign naval stations of the Peiræus.

The ancient city of Ægina was pleasantly situated on the western coast, opposite to Epidauros in the Peloponnesos. It was surrounded by strong walls and towers on the land side, until the year 457 B. C., when the fortifications, after many a hard fought battle, were demolished by the victorious Athenians, at a time when they in the pride of their rising power, began the gigantic undertaking of their own long walls between Athens and the Peiræus. The ports of Ægina were artificial, lying between two small bays; one on the north and the other on the south. Immense moles and dikes extended into the sea, and formed, with their flanking towers and chains, *two locked harbors*. Beneath the promontory of the northern bay, on which still are seen a lonely column and a few substructions of the temple of Aphrodite, was an open roadstead, protected

from the violent Skiron or north-west wind, by a strong break-water, which, at the same time, formed the prolongation of the city walls, while on the south, the fortifications likewise abutted upon the still more gigantic mole of the great central harbor. All these works were admirable, and there does not in all Hellas exist a more remarkable monument of the immense labor and expense which the ancient Greeks bestowed upon the fortifications of their galley-ports. Like the Peiræus with the Zea and Munychia, Rhodes with its double ports, Cnidos and Mytilene, the ports of Ægina were land locked harbors, being encompassed by the walls of the city, and their mouths closed by strong towers and chains drawn across the entrance.

These enormous moles still form the basin of the harbor of Ægina, into which only small caiques can enter at the present day. The larger vessels, however, find an anchorage with a rocky ground on the outer roadstead, where they are exposed to the violent north-west wind. Nearly all these extensive works are now under water. On the northern mole stands at present the chapel of St. Nicholas, who has succeeded the sea-god Neptune, as the patron of the Greek mariners, and on the southern, a high battlemented tower, built by the Venetian General Morosini, in the year 1693, according to a Latin inscription still seen on the wall. Though the water now covers the greater part of the moles, and the tower appears to be rising from out of the depth of the sea, yet the submarine foundations are still solid, and the fishermen, wading along to their waist in the water, reach the tower, on which they use to dry their nets.

A large temple of Venus or Aphrodite, mentioned by Pausanias, stood on the northern promontory.

It is well known that ports and promontories in antiquity were generally considered sacred either to Neptune or to Venus, and we therefore often find *her* temples erected on the beetling heights over the foaming element from which she sprang. Such was the sight of her most celebrated temples at Cytheræ, Cypros, Cnidos, on Mount Eryx, in the Peiræus and Ægina. At the beginning of the present century two beautiful columns with their architrave, were still standing, a welcome land-mark for the mariner, far out at sea. They were twenty-five feet in height, of the Doric order, and composed of a soft calcareous lime-stone of a bright yellow color. Their proportions were elegant, and they were regarded as the *best specimen* of the later Doric construction. But most unhappi-

ly, a violent earthquake has, a few years ago, blown down one of the columns, a fragment of which, is still lying beneath the cape, together with the architrave, and only a single broken shaft is now remaining, of a building which in elegance, could vie even with the Parthenon itself. Nor were the platform and immense foundations of this interesting ruin suffered to remain as a memorial of the Doric times;—they were nearly all carried off during the late war of independence.

Dr. Howe of Boston, who, in the year 1830, was sent with provisions from the United States to the starving population of Greece, thought proper to employ the indolent fugitives in rebuilding the ancient quays of the harbor. But these ignorant people, not being sufficiently skilful and enterprising to open new quarries in the neighboring mountains, found it more *convenient* to make use of the large and beautiful blocks of the temple of Aphrodite on the promontory. Thus the work of destruction began; a neat macadamized quay with a projecting landing place now adorns the small town of Ægina, and offers a delightful walk at sun-set along the shore—but alas! the temple has disappeared!

During the excavations necessary to remove the blocks of the foundation, a very interesting discovery was made. Several blocks were found inscribed with letters of *red chalk*, having the distinctly legible names Euphanides and Prothymios. From the position of these blocks the names inscribed upon them must certainly be regarded as *coeval* with the construction of the temple itself, and these being written in characters which were comparatively modern and not used in Hellas before the archonship of Eukleides, in the year 403 B. C., at the time of the restoration of the democracy by Thrasybulos, furnish us with the evidence that this elegant temple must have been built at a *later date* than the Peloponnesian war. It was no doubt erected during the period of the return of the exiled Æginetans, who, after the surrender of Athens to the Spartan general Lysander, were reinstated in their native island. This period, more than half a century after the erection of the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens, seems thus to have been the time of the highest perfection in the Doric style of architecture.

The ancient city of Ægina had a number of splendid buildings mentioned by Pausanias, such as the large theatre, the stadium, the temples of Apollo, Diana, Hecate and Æsculapius and the sacred edifice of Æakos, the Æakeion, adorned

with beautiful statues. All these monuments of Æginetic art have vanished, yet the walls and gates of the town may still be traced here and there. A mosaic pavement, from a later period, has recently been discovered.—South of the city thousands of sepulchres were opened when the foundations were laid to the Military College of the Euelpides during the residence of the President of Greece in Ægina in 1831. A learned Corfiote, Cavaliere Mustoxidis, conducted these works. The sepulchres are generally placed in rows, but covered with a layer of earth, with weeds and bushes. They are cut out in the rock and closed with a lid or *trapeza* which we soon acquired facility in removing. The interior of the rock-tombs is filled with a fine, loose mold, in which the human bones are found. Near the head are placed the celebrated painted Æginetic vases; on the sides and at the feet, sacrificial cups or *patera*, bronze ornaments, terra-cotta idols, small flasks of glass commonly called lagrimatories, beautiful phials of alabaster for fragrant ointments and even gilt or colored glass beads. Brass weapons and armor, such as swords, spear-points and belts are more rare. A large collection of vases with rich paintings in black and yellow colors in the ancient Æginetic style, sepulchral sculptures and inscriptions from different parts of Greece were deposited in a hall of our College and thus formed the first germ of a museum in the independent state of modern Hellas.

In many of the sepulchral chambers, cut out in the rock, we still see traces of their having been covered with plaster and painted decorations. From the low entrance a descent by stairs leads into the vaulted chamber, where the tombs for the corpses are excavated side by side similar to those of the Prophets on Mount Olivet, near Jerusalem.

These dismal dwellings of the dead, which extend eastward along the rocky height at some distance from the city, were some years ago inhabited by the wretched fugitives from Chios, Ipsara and Crete, during the war of independence.

A distinguished American traveller describes the horror he felt on entering the sepulchres, when through the darkness, he all at once discovered a number of spectral forms, sitting in silence at the farther extremity of the grotto. They proved to be an Ipsariote family, a widow with her children, who, after the fall of her husband in the massacre at Ipsara in June, 1823, had fled to Ægina. There, abandoned by the natives, who were unable to support the thousands that flocked to the

island, she with her children was undergoing all the terrors of a living death—when the benevolent Dr. Howe appeared, like a rescuing angel, sent by Providence, to recall them to life and to provide for their immediate wants, until a more regular support afterwards was granted by the Greek Government.

The most interesting monument of Ægina is the temple of Minerva, which has obtained a celebrity in Europe by the discovery of a number of precious statues in the ancient Æginetic style. It is situated on a high hill, at a short distance from the north-eastern coast of the island, at two hours' ride from the city, and commands a magnificent view of the Saronic gulf, the mountains of Attica, and the scattered pine and olive groves on the hills in the interior, which are bounded by the volcanic peaks of Methana. Here and there a lonely cottage is seen through the thick foliage of carobs and fig trees; fortunately the great distance from the city has hindered the Venetians and the natives from destroying the temple by employing the blocks to modern purposes. A visit to the ruins is one of the most delightful excursions in Greece. Ascending from the city eastward over hills, in beautiful variety planted with almond and olive trees, we soon arrive at the pass between the "split mountain" and the Panhellenion, where, at some distance in front, a town presents itself on the slope of a rocky hill crowned by the ruins of a Venetian fortress. The beauty of the scenery increases as we approach—but we are astonished at its total want of life and animation—no sound is heard, no human being is to be seen—and we at last discover, that the pretty, picturesque town, with its castle and churches, is entirely ruined and abandoned. The *Palaiochora* or old town of Ægina, the ancient Oia, lies in a strong position, sixty stadia from the coast. During the Byzantine period the Æginetans fled thither for protection from the Saracen corsairs and it afterwards became the seat of the Venetian *provveditori*, who built the fortress in the year 1654. But toward the beginning of the present century, when the Mediterranean became more secure, the islanders again removed to the western coast, on the site of the ancient capitol, and their mountain village was altogether abandoned. It was with a melancholy feeling that I often, in perfect solitude wandered through the desolate streets; it reminded me of a similar scene in Sicily, where, after a fatiguing ride on the southern coast on a stormy evening, I arrived at Monte-Allegro, a large

city, looking fair at the distance, but ill answering to its name, having likewise been abandoned by its inhabitants, and presenting nothing but dismal ruins on a nearer approach. At the foot of the hill we find a plentiful source, where a beautiful palm tree rears its crown and golden dates to the sky, and immense vines, forming cool and shady bowers around the tank, invite us to repose during the extreme heat of noon. But the sea-breeze is soon springing up, and we then continue our route through a straggling forest of pines and wild olives, and all at once the ancient temple is seen rising above the trees on its lonely hill. It is a hexastyle temple of the solid, old Doric construction, built of a yellow and somewhat porous limestone; only the cornice, roof and statuary were of white marble. The cell or body of the temple was surrounded by a colonnade, having six columns in each front and twelve in the peristyle on each of the flanks, in all thirty-six. From the eastern portico, the principal entrance, we pass through the ante-room or *pronaos* with two columns flanked by pilasters *in antis*, into the temple-hall or *naos*, forty-five feet in length by twenty-two in breadth, in the centre of which, stood the statue of the goddess. Two rows of slender columns, five in each, supported the roof and divided the hall in the middle nave and two lateral aisles, where all the votive offerings, the precious vases and the spoils and trophies of war were deposited. On the west, behind the statue, opens a back room, or *opisthodomos*, upon the western portico (*posticum*) similar to the main entrance on the east.

The large platform, on which the temple stands, has a flight of four stairs running all around and is supported by terraced walls of regular construction, which again rest upon others of immense polygonal blocks, that seem to be of a much older date than their superstructure. All the columns of the eastern front, the *pronaos* and peristyle with their capitals and architraves, forming together a very beautiful group of sixteen columns, are in excellent preservation at the present day. The western front, on the contrary, has suffered more, and we find there only four columns of the *posticum* and the neighboring five columns of the flanks with part of the architrave still standing. The height of the elegantly fluted columns is eighteen feet; their diameter three feet. The length of the entire temple is ninety-four feet, by a breadth of forty-five. The soft limestone, of which the whole building was composed, was easily worked, and would no doubt have suffered from the in-

fluence of the atmosphere, if it had not been coated with a thin stucco, which is still well preserved in many places.

For centuries the interior of the roofless ruins of the temple was filled up with huge masses of stone and overgrown with wild olives and shrubbery, which, while it intermingled the trees with the architecture, added to the picturesque effect of the whole view. But the discovery of a curious bas-relief, representing a dog, having accidentally been made by the British traveller Dodwell, a party of antiquaries and artists, Germans, Danes and English, among whom were Chevalier de Brœnsted, Baron de Haller, Cockerelle and John Forster, assembled on the island in the year 1811, in order to undertake other excavations on a more enlarged scale. The trees were now cut down and the heaps of stones removed, when, to the delight of those enthusiastic admirers of antiquity, the greater part of the statues from the two pediments of the temple were excavated from the rubbish, which had accumulated around the building. It appears highly probable that the statues were thrown down from their place in the gable-ends by some earthquake, during an unknown period of the middle ages, when that part of the island remained a solitude.

These precious remains of the celebrated Aeginetic school of sculpture, consist of seventeen full, round, figures rather smaller than life, with the exception of Minerva, who, standing in the centre of the pediment, is of more colossal dimensions than the mortal heroes around her. No discovery of later years has in importance surpassed that of these Aeginetan groups, because they remain the only known specimens from that remote period of art. The statues, more or less broken, were offered for sale to the British Museum, but difficulties having arisen about the money demanded, Lewis, the Prince Royal of Bavaria, succeeded in purchasing, for ten thousand Venetian ducats, the whole collection, worth at least five times that sum. The torsos and fragments were then sent to Rome, where the Danish artist, Albert Thorwaldsen, the greatest sculptor of modern times, restored them in the most admirable style, and ingeniously replaced their decorations, such as shields, helmets, swords and lances, made of bronze. They are now placed in the magnificent hall of the Aeginetans in the Museum (Glyptotheca) at Munich in Bavaria. They are made of the purest Parian marble and belong to that brilliant period of Aeginetic art, which began to flourish about the fifty-seventh Olympiad, or the year 550, B. C., with the great sculp-

tor Kallon, and declining a century later, terminated with Onatas, the contemporary of Pheidias and the last celebrated master of that old school. We may therefore say, that they form the medium between the stiff archaic manner—and—the highest perfection of sculpture in the age of Pheidias, just as we consider the quaint old paintings of a Massaccio and Perugino as the immediate fore-runners of the master-pieces of Raphael.

The composition of the groups is admirable; both represent the Aeginetan heroes, the Aeacids, at the head of the Myrmidons, contending with the Trojans for the body of Patroclus and Achilles. Minerva in full armor stirs up the battle which is raging around her. All the combatants, with circular shields and high crested helmets, are placed in the most beautiful and varied attitudes. A few are naked, but the greater part are covered with the tight and elegant armor of the heroic age—nay, we even distinguish the light Trojan bow-men from the heavy-armed Greek hoplitæ. Still more astonishing is the simple and faithful imitation of nature, without any indication of that *ideal beauty*, which in a later period was introduced into Athenian sculpture by Pheidias. Every motion of the body is in perfect harmony with that of nature, and the muscles and veins exhibit the soft flexibility of real life. The limbs, particularly the hands and feet, are beautifully formed, yet the old Doric severity reigns throughout, mingled, however, with the airy grace of youthful forms. And yet the most extraordinary circumstance in these curious statues is the *total want of expression* in the heads and a certain Egyptian physiognomy—no doubt, a pious imitation of some standing type from venerated statues of gods or heroes of the olden time. We see the protuding eye, lengthened like that of the Chinese, the inanimate smile of the mouth, the peaked beard and elaborate ringlets of the hair. The wounded heroes, who though fallen, still defend themselves in different attitudes, are smiling upon death. Greeks and Trojans, victors and vanquished, dying and dead—all look alike, all have the same unmeaning smile on their countenance. The characteristic difference between the Attic (Ionic) and the Æginetic (Doric) sculpture, in *that remote period*, therefore, consisted in the great attention which the Ionians paid to the *heads* of their statues and the disregard of the body, mostly represented in the form of squared pillars (Hermæ columns,) while Dorian Æginetans, as admirers of the naked beauty in the stadium, executed the

body with the utmost care, but neglected the head to which they gave the smiling archaic type of the Amyclean Apollo.*

Another interesting discovery was made during the excavations at Ægina. The statues were not only ornamented with bronze weapons and other metallic accessories—they were painted in brilliant colors, which though much effaced, may still be recognized on the armor and dress of the heroes and the ægis of Minerva. The purple and azure have been well preserved in the dry soil in which they were buried.

It is now a fact, proved beyond any doubt by the most able architects in Greece, that in the period anterior to the celebrated Athenian artists Pheidias and Iktinos, the Doric temples in Hellas were covered with a coating of bright and dazzling colors, but that on the later temples in the Acropolis, painting was *only* employed to give relief to the sculptures and to adorn the less prominent members of architecture. The most ancient specimen of a *completely painted* temple, is this sanctuary of Minerva, on the island of Ægina. To my great astonishment, I have myself with perfect distinctness, seen the cella-wall painted with a bright minium or red lead-color, and the whole interior pavement is to this day covered with a beautiful vermillion stucco. The pediments and the triglyphs were blue, and the mouldings and smaller fascia of the entablature red, yellow and green. All these colors can be seen on the old weather beaten temple to this day; they are metallic, and were applied on the plaster or marble by means of a thin coat of wax. This encaustic painting, burnt on the marble by fire, was used by the ancients in order to give gloss and brilliancy to their colors and to preserve them from injury by air or moisture. Even the burning and golden hues of the columns, which convey such an indescribable charm to the Grecian monuments, are supposed to be the remains of an ancient coating of color and the architects of king Otho pretend, by close examination, to have discovered, spot by spot, the original red-golden stucco preserved quite fresh on the surface of the stone.

* Several of these statues of Apollo have been found in different parts of Hellas; some are roughly cut out of the marble and have not been finished. At the entrance of the Acropolis stands a highly interesting bas-relief of Minerva ascending her chariot. The folds of her garment are beautifully sculptured in the quaint and stiff style of primitive art. At a village near the plain of Marathon was discovered the sculptured monument of Aristeion in full armor, and painted in purple, azure and yellow colors. The hero has the smiling physiognomy of the Æginetic statues, though the delineation of the figure is inferior, and its hands and feet remarkably large and clumsy. This ancient bas-relief now forms one of the most precious objects in the large collection of antiquities placed in the temple of Theseus at Athens.

The tasteful imitation of the Æginetic temple with its bright colors and painted statues, by the chevalier de Klenze in Munich, has a striking and pleasing effect, and most distinctly proves that the painted decorations on the Grecian monuments were in perfect harmony of character and execution with their architecture and sculpture. The first modern attempt to apply polychrome ornaments to architecture, has successfully been made by the Danish architect, Christian Hanssen, at the Othonian University in Athens. It will, no doubt, soon call forth imitators, and may yet become the prevailing taste in Europe and America.

Every spot in the neighborhood of the old temple presents some objects of interest and traces of antiquity. Quite near, on the slope of the hill, we see a cavern, at present obstructed by fallen blocks and columns, which appears to have led into a subterraneous passage under the temple. At a greater distance we find walled up in the door of the chapel of St. Anastasios a marble slab having this inscription :

"Here is the limit of the sacred precincts of Minerva."

The Temple of Ægina is one of the most ancient and venerable monuments in Hellas. Here it stood, finished, with its glittering sculptures and gorgeous colors on its high and picturesque hill, overlooking the broad Saronic gulf, in the sixth century before our era, when the populous and enterprising island-republic was flourishing in arts, commerce and war, when her proud galleys were ploughing the Ægean, and her merchants held the sway on the banks of the Nile, while—yonder across the water—Solon, the wise law-giver, laid the foundation to the greatness of Athens, and the rich and luxurious Corinth rose in arms and overthrew the last of her tyrants!

On the south of the temple of Minerva we find a different character in the scenery of the island. A high ledge of barren rocks, descending eastward from the mountain of St. Elias, forms the precipitous eastern and southern coast, where no springs or cultivation are to be seen. Instead, therefore, of crossing this wild and lonely region, I generally preferred to ascend to the convent of the hospitable Kalogers, where I was sure to find comfortable quarters for the night. Then, on the following day, after having enjoyed the glorious sunrise on the distant Mount Hymettos, and a good breakfast which we rarely miss in the Grecian monasteries, I would descend by a rug-

ged mountain path, leading down to the only orange and lemon-gardens of Ægina, pleasantly situated on the south-western coast, opposite to the island of Poros, the ancient Calauria, where in the sanctuary of Neptune, the great Demosthenes, by a voluntary death escaped the vengeance of the Macedonians.

The gardens belong to a Hydriote captain, who kindly receives every visitor and offers him the welcome refreshments of his golden fruits. In Greece, the beauty of a garden does not consist in an artificial variety of flower-beds and shrubbery, but in long alleys, perfectly shaded by arbors of vines which unite in the middle of the inclosure at a large tank, filled with water from a subterranean reservoir, by means of a wheel-machinery, turned by mules, which the Greeks call *manghani*. Around the deep and glassy tanks, stakes are raised on which the vines are drawn, and these cool retreats serve as a place of assembly and repose for the family during the warm summer months. The large clusters of grapes, hanging down from these delightful bowers often weigh fourteen or sixteen pounds, and a single bunch is quite a sufficient desert for seven or eight persons at table.

Through the foliage we perceive at some distance, the small bay of Pertica hemmed in by a projecting promontory, on which stands the chapel of St. Michel, on the foundations of an ancient temple. Here again an inscription tells us that we are within the precincts of a sanctuary dedicated to Apollo and Neptune, those tutelary deities of the Dorians, who from their temple on the southern promontory hailed the returning fleets of the Æginetans, as Venus and Minerva did from theirs on the west and the east of the island.

Thus the mariner of old, on his entering the Saronic gulf, beheld everywhere on the distant head-lands around him, in Attica, Argolis and Ægina, the glittering sanctuaries of his gods and heroes, which excited his veneration and revived the beautiful traditions of his native country. But those monuments have all perished with the race that raised them.

For time hath not rebuilt them, but uprear'd
Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd site,
Which only make more mourn'd and more endear'd
The few last rays of their far-scatter'd light,
And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd might.

The sun has now set behind the mountains of Morea; the bare and craggy rocks of the Panhellenion are tinged with the

rosy hues of evening—it is time to return. We thank Captain Budburis for his delicious grapes, leave the gardens and on a smooth and easy road, which Dr. Howe has laid out, through the plain, we return northward to the town. As we approach we hear the distant drum of the College calling the young warriors to retire, and on our arrival in the harbor we find all the officers and professors, the Æginetan citizens and their Athenian guests, seated before the coffee-houses on the mole, in lively conversation about the blunders of government and the tyranny of the Bavarians, enjoying the refreshing breeze and silvery moon-shine, which at the midnight hour lights them back to their home.

The Æginetans are a strong and healthy people. Their features, language and manners, prove them to be true-born Greeks, like all the inhabitants of the Ægean, while their neighbors in Attica and the islands of Poros, Hydra and Spezia are of Albanian descent, and have a greater resemblance to the mountaineers of the mainland and the Morea, whose harsh and proud look and war-like, roving habits, make them the dread and terror of the more peaceful islanders. They are handsome, active, lively and quarrelsome. Their eyes are large, dark and expressive; their eye-brows arched; their complexion ruddy; the oval of their faces regular, and their features in perfect proportion. Their hair is dark and glossy; they all wear a black moustache and have a spirited and prepossessing appearance. The Æginetan husbandman is industrious and temperate; the mariner shrewd, intelligent, but though frugal on board his caique, where he tastes nothing but olives, bread and water, he is extremely fond of good cheer, wine, dancing and music, when on shore. The women of the island are good looking, submissive, and very attentive to their duties, but their education was totally neglected at the time of my residence there in 1835-'37. They still wore the Turkish jacket and red skull-cap; they seldom appeared in public and suffered all the restraint of eastern manners, which now begins to wear off in Greece and even in Turkey. They were, however, far inferior in grace, beauty and elegance of dress to those noble minded and attractive women of Ipsara, who lived as fugitives in the upper town of Ægina, where they scarcely had any intercourse with the native families.

The central position of the island between Attica, Syra, and the Peloponnesos, is highly advantageous to its industry and commerce. The former consists chiefly in the fabrication of

earthenware. The Æginetan potters, at the present day, as in olden time, furnish Athens and all Hellas, with excellent vases and jugs, which, though they no longer possess the beautiful forms and elegant paintings of antiquity, are yet appreciated for their quality of cooling the water, and yield an important revenue to the island. The Athenian sculptors prefer to make their models of the fine yellow clay from the quarries in the north of Ægina. I therefore frequently visited the good people in the potters' field, and sent off many a boat's load of the celebrated clay to my friends in Athens.

The delicious climate of Ægina makes the fruits ripen a month earlier than those of Attica, and thus affords another advantage to its inhabitants. Numerous caiques laden with fresh figs, grapes of different kinds, melons, and all southern fruits, are daily sent off to Athens and are paid with high prices by the Royal Court, the foreign residents, and the British and French men-of-war stationed in the Peiræus. During all summer there is a great activity in the island. On the balmy mornings, long before sun-rise, the quays of the harbor are crowded with peasants, who, on their mules, bring down their fruits and provisions from the valleys in the interior. All are talking, quarreling, shouting and singing, while one caique after another, with their lateen sails filled by the mild land-breeze, slowly leave the port and doubling the tower and the ruins of the temple, steer off for the Peiræus. The Æginetan fishermen supply Athens with excellent fish, such as thunny, sword-fish, red mullet, the delicate *barbunia*, and various kinds of testacea, as immense lobsters, oysters, crabs, sea stars, *oktopodia*, and the like, which constitute the principal food of the Greeks during the rigorous Lent, when even fish and oil are prohibited.

All these natural advantages, their industry and frugality, render them the most happy and contented people in Greece. Nor do they want society, festivals and other excitement from abroad.

In the warm season many families, fleeing from the parched hills and the dusty and unhealthy plains of Attica, take refuge in the twilight shades of Ægina, where figs, grapes and water from the spring, are the only prescriptions of the Greek physician.

The most solemn festival, there, is Easter, by the Greeks called *ta Lambra*. The rigid Lent, so religiously observed by the Oriental Christians, is drawing to a close, and every mer-

chant and mariner now forsakes his traffic, or smuggling, on the coast of Asia Minor, or Russia, and with all sails set, steers away for his beloved *Ægina*, in order to partake of the Paschal Lamb in the midst of his family. The shepherds too, leave the pastures on the mountain slopes and descend to the coast, where they dispose of their lambs, thousands of which are then consumed over all Greece. It is indeed a beautiful feature in the Greek character, that the rich distribute lambs and provisions to the poor, and thus all alike enjoy that solemn symbolical meal, to which the Oriental Christians attach so great an importance.

The holy week is spent in prayers and fasting. Every evening the solemn and highly interesting *anagnosis*, or reading of Scriptures in church, takes place. The cathedral is brilliantly illuminated with wax-tapers, the whole population, young and old, fill the aisles and listen to the sonorous voice of the priest, who reads the Gospels in the ancient Greek text. How grateful feels then the Greek, when understanding the Scriptures in the original language of the Apostles. It was Faith that preserved him during the ages of degradation and bondage, and Faith and Perseverance, which have made him free and happy. The whole night of Saturday is passed in church, when on the morning of Easter Sunday, the Bishop, standing before the altar, announces, "that Christ is arisen," and hundreds of voices joyfully answer: "Yes, in truth He is arisen!" All now embrace, and give one another the brotherly kiss. Joy and gayety begin at once; rockets and fireworks are set off; musketry and pistol-shots re-echo along the streets, and the famished multitude hurry home, where the lambs, in the meantime, have been roasted entire on the spit, and the tables spread, richly adorned with laurel, myrtle, and all the luxuries of Spring. The day is then spent in feasting and rejoicing, and in the afternoon the public dances begin.

This beautiful spectacle draws many guests from Athens, and renders *Ægina* the general rendezvous during Easter. The dancing-ground lies on a hill, surrounded by almond trees, whose white and fragrant blossoms perfume the air around. This pleasant spot commands the city and affords the most splendid views across the Saronic gulf to the high picturesque promontory of Methana, and the snow-capped mountains of Argolis. The inhabitants from the whole island now flock together in the town and take part in the general joy. The young people become engaged and married; lands are sold or

bought, and all sorts of business transacted. Men and women in their most costly attire of brilliant and dazzling colors, so well suiting the scenery around them, begin to form the immense circle, holding one another by the handkerchief and dance the *Romaika*, with the greatest enthusiasm. Guitars and violins accompany the voice of the singers, and the whole crowd join in the chorus. The dance itself is simple, without any studied movements, but eminently graceful, and the Æginetans love it so passionately, that they will continue whirling and singing for many hours without intermission.

I have mentioned that many families from Ipsara, Chios, Samos, Crete, and other parts of Turkey, during the war of independence, found a refuge in Ægina. Some had already returned to their homes; others still remained, and among them were the Ipsariotes, who served in the royal navy and several merchants from Chios, who were established in the island. These amiable families used to be present on the hill and increase the romantic effect of so many different costumes by their national dress. Yet they never took any part in the general dance: the *Romaika*, which the Æginetans, with an air of pride, said "belonged only to the natives." Later in the evening, however, when the great mass of the islanders, toward sunset, began to retire to the city, in order to recommence their carousing and libations at home, all the poor Exiles, in their separate groups, would commence their still more fanciful and elegant dances, sometimes resembling the Spanish *fandango* or *bolero*, and the slow but graceful French *minuet*.

It was there, at their parties, which frequently were prolonged during the bright moonlight nights, that the beautiful women from Ipsara, showed the full grace of their step, the dazzling delicacy of their complexion, and their rich and picturesque costumes, to the best advantage. The widows of the fallen warriors, in their deep mourning, with black turbans and veils, sat always at some distance as silent spectators, without taking any part in the hilarity around. The old admiral, Konstantinos Kanaris, the celebrated Ipsariote leader, who, with his fire-ships so often had carried death and destruction among the Turkish fleets, never failed to revisit his family during our Easter holy-days. I often saw him sitting on a carpet spread on the ground, surrounded by his beautiful wife and daughters, and heard him good humoredly compare the stormy days that had passed over their heads, with the peace and prosperity they now enjoyed under the banner of King Otho.

One evening, during Easter, in 1836, I perceived a large crowd listening to the song of a handsome young Zantiote, in his national black cap and embroidered capote. He, like all his countrymen, had a sweet and melodious voice, and touched the guitar with the taste and skill of an Italian. All the pretty women from Ipsara and Chios, pressed forward to hear the words of his melancholy song. They seemed attentive and deeply moved, and I then learned the tragical event, which made this little song ever afterwards a favorite air in Greece.

A young mariner in Zante, fell in love with a pretty young girl, and she soon returned his affection. He was a handsome and active youth, but without a fortune; the parents of the maiden, therefore, refused to give their consent to their union, and in order to cut the matter short, they offered the hand of their daughter to a wealthy neighbor.

Manners in Greece and in America are different. Woman is suffering and submissive in the East—and the unhappy Marigula (little Mary) therefore, instead of opposing herself to the unnatural match, gave, though with many tears, her consent to the marriage.

Her admirer, in his despair, resolved to leave the island and join the Greeks of the mainland in their heroical struggle for independence. His bark lay already moored beneath the eastern promontory of Zante—the Akrotiri—and everything was prepared for departure. But could he leave fair Zante, perhaps forever, without saying his last adieu to his Marigula?

With the guitar under his arm, he at midnight, ascended to the mountain-village, and sinking down beneath the window of his love, sent her his farewell in the following strain:

Γλυκοφύγγει και τ' αστρο της αυγούλας
Σηραδενει πως 'ο 'ηλιος προβαινει
Ίσως πλεον για τ' εμας δεν δαυγαινει,
Να μας 'βρισκε 'ενώμενα τα δυο.

Παιε αχτινοντας τ' ωραιον φανγγαρι,
'Οπου μ' εδεχθη τ' αχρον προσωπον σου,
Μια βραδεια 'ενα δακρυ 'δισον σου,
'Οταν μ' ελεγες εγω σ' αγαπω.

Τον 'η φωνη μ' εμας εχαιριωσαν,
Γλυκα μ' εφυγγες εις την αγκυλιαν σου,
'Η καρδια μ' εκτυπονει στην καρδιαν σου,
Κ' 'η ψυχη μου ην 'ολη με ει.

Ἄλλα τῶς πρᾶ ἀνδρὶ ᾠδῆσαν,
 Καὶ μὲς ἔμειναν μὲν τ' ἀγαθὰ,
 Σκληροῦ ἔρωτος αἰώνια παθὰ,
 Πικρὰ βίαντα καὶ στεναγμοὶ !

In English, after the beautiful translation of the late lamented Consul Peter, in Philadelphia :

It dawns ; the moon-star glows on high,
 And tells us, that the sun is nigh ;
 Soon will he rise o'er yon blue main—
 But never on our loves again !

Fast fades the moon, all pale her ray,
 Pale as thy cheek, on that glad day,
 When first—while tears with utterance strove—
 I heard thee falter forth—"I love."

O! how all nature smiled around,
 When first I felt that heart's rebound,
 When thy fond heart throbb'd back to mine,
 And my full soul was lost in thine !

But now of the sweet flowers bereft—
 To us the thorns alone are left,
 Love's lasting pangs, its tears, its sighs,
 Its fears and death-fraught agonies.

The weeping maiden appeared at the lattice and with her handkerchief beckoned him her eternal farewell, when a pistol-shot was fired—and the youth lay weltering in his blood. The betrothed spouse was the murderer !

Death, too, was in the heart of Maria ; she pined away like the lily in the valley, and soon followed her lover to the grave.

Such are the manners, the climate and scenery of the fair island of old Æakos, and may the stranger who has lived there and by congeniality of feelings, by inclination and habits, become himself a Myrmidon—forever carry bright and pleasing recollections along with him—and may he never feel the bitterness of those celebrated words of the great Florentine Exile :

No greater grief than to remember days
 Of joy, when blighted hope and sorrow are at hand !

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Lancaster, Pa.

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THE State of Pennsylvania has been not unaptly compared to a *Sleeping Giant*. The trope finds its application and significance in three points of resemblance. In the first place, the State, in itself considered, is of large size and strength. By its extent of territory, its fertility of soil, its mineral resources, its facilities and opportunities of trade, the peculiar character of its vast and sturdy population, its solid material wealth, and its commanding geographical position in the midst of the general American Union, it possesses a greatness and importance which must be at once acknowledged by the whole world. Politically, it forms the key-stone of the arch, on which rests the structure of our glorious Republic. No President of the United States has ever been made without the vote of Pennsylvania. By its conservative weight emphatically, the nation is held together and kept to its place. In the second place, however, this great giant is still to no small extent asleep. It has not yet come to the full apprehension, and proper free use of its own powers and resources. Much of its strength has never been developed; and such force as it has come actually to exercise, is too often put forth in a comparatively blind way, without the waking insight and self-conscious purpose, that should go along with it, to make it of complete account. In politics, for example, the State, good natured, dozing giant, as she is, sells her birth-right for a mess of pottage; and with the power of giving the nation a President in the person of one of her own distinguished sons, in all respects worthy of the station and entitled to its high honor, quietly foregoes the prerogative belonging to her by universal consent, and by her obsequious, but powerful and decisive patronage, turns the choice in favor of a comparatively unknown stranger from New England. But our figure implies, in the third place, that the giant which is now sleeping, will in due time, awake. The torpor which we see here, is not that of death. It is the rest rather of living powers, which may be expected to break forth hereafter, with a force proportional to the long restraint that has gone before. The secret strength and hidden resources of this great Commonwealth, as yet only beginning to come into

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view, may be expected before long to reveal themselves in another and altogether different way. The State will not only possess her present rich elements and vast capabilities of power, but these elements and capabilities will be understood and turned to account. Her greatness will be no longer a slumbering fact simply. The possible will be all actual. She will know and feel her proper strength, and she will be able so to use it, we may trust, that the whole nation may know and feel it also for its own good.

The undeveloped wealth of the State is at once both material and moral. It is only of late, as we all know, that the physical resources which it carries in its bosom, have begun to be properly understood and improved; and who shall say what treasures richer than the gold mines of California or Australia, are not still reserved in this form for its future use? But it is not too much to say, that the latent spiritual capabilities of the State are fairly parallel with this condition of her natural resources, quite as full of promise, and of course much more entitled to our patriotic interest and regard. In comparing one country or region with another, intellectually, it is not enough to look simply at the difference of culture which may exist between them at a given time. Regard must be had also to the constitutional character of the mind itself, the quality of the moral soil, if we may use the expression, to which the culture is applied. A comparatively uneducated man may surpass in capacity and fitness, another who in point of actual education leaves him far behind; and just so it is possible that one people may be thrown into the shade for the time by another, though capable all the while in truth of a better order of cultivation, and carrying in itself thus both the possibility and the promise of a better spiritual future. In this view, we think it not absurd to magnify the mind of Pennsylvania, although it be fashionable in certain quarters, we know, to treat it with disparagement and contempt. We are persuaded, for our part, that the State has no reason to shrink here from a comparison with any other section of our flourishing and highly favored land. She may fall behind some parts of New England in the machinery of education, and she may have less to boast of just now, in the way of general knowledge among her people. Her schools and colleges are not equal to those of Massachusetts. She may not vie, in point of intellectual culture, with Connecticut. But it does not follow from this, by any means, that she is inferior to either of these States in the matter and qual-

ity of her intelligence itself; nor even that her particular culture, such as it is, and so far as it has yet gone, may not be intrinsically worth quite as much, to say the least, as that with which it is thus unfavorably contrasted. That growth is not ordinarily the best, which is most rapid and easy, and which serves to bring into view with the greatest readiness all it has power to reveal. It is by slow processes rather, that what is most deep and solid, whether in the world of nature or in the world of mind, is ripened and unfolded finally into its proper perfection. There is room for encouragement in this thought, when we look at the acknowledged deficiencies and shortcomings of our giant State, with regard to education. She has proceeded with slow and heavy course thus far, in the development both of her spiritual and her physical resources. In the case of the first, however, as well as of the last, it is possible that there may have been an advantage in this delay. Time, and a certain progress in the general life of the country, may have been needed to make room for the development under its most promising form. An earlier, more active cultivation, might have proved possibly more artificial, and therefore less vigorous and free, as being the result of foreign outward influences, rather than the true product of our proper provincial life itself. This would have been a lasting and irremediable calamity. It was far better, we may believe, that the peculiar constituents of our life, the elements from which was to be formed in the end the common character of the State, should *not* be forced into premature activity, but be left rather to work like the hidden powers of nature for a time, without noise or show, in the way of silent necessary preparation for their ultimate destiny and use. In such view, they are like the mineral wealth that lies buried so largely beneath our soil, whose value is created to no small extent by wants and opportunities which time only could bring to pass. All that is wanted now to make them a source of intellectual and moral greatness is, that they should be subjected to educational processes answerable to their own nature, and wrought into such form of general culture as this may be found to require. And may we not say, that the hour of Providence has at length struck for the accomplishment of this great work? With the mighty strides the State of Pennsylvania is now making, in outward wealth and prosperity, is it too much to cherish the pleasing belief that she is fully prepared also for a corresponding development of the rich energies that have thus far slumbered to a great

extent in her moral and spiritual life; and that intellectually as well as materially, from this time onward, her course is destined to be like that of the rising sun, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day?

What has now been said of the general intellectual character and condition of the State, may be referred with special application to the *German* element, which has entered so largely from the first into the composition of its life.

For years, as is well known, this element has weighed like a heavy incubus among us on the cause of education, both in its lower and higher forms. The fact has often been noticed and quoted, as a reproach upon the German mind itself. Rightly considered, however, it carries with it no fair room for any such reproach. So far as Pennsylvania may seem to have suffered, in this way, from the prevailing German character of her population, the evil has resulted, properly speaking, not from the constitution at all of the German mind, as such, but from the circumstances only of peculiar disadvantage in which this mind has stood here from the beginning. It was doomed in the nature of the case, we may say, to remain rude and inactive for a long series of years, with little or no participation in the onward movement of thought around it. A very large proportion of the original emigration from Germany to this State, consisted of persons who were comparatively poor, and who found it necessary, therefore, to devote their attention, almost exclusively, to occupations and cares immediately connected with their own personal subsistence. Their language, at the same time, formed a barrier to their free communication, with the English community, in the midst of which they dwelt. At the present time, no such barrier can long stand. The relations of business, politics and trade, soon sweep it out of the way. But in the earlier period, to which the case before us belongs, it was of far more serious account. It gave rise to separate German settlements, which produced a permanent isolation of interest and life, by transmitting the German tongue from one generation to another, and thus shutting out those who used it from the reigning social system of the country. No situation could well be more unfavorable for intellectual activity and improvement. There was no room in truth for action or progress in any such form; and so the energies of this part of our population became devoted almost entirely to agricultural pursuits, and to the service of purely material interests, with little or no regard to the social culture of their English neighbors. The result was, with their habits of indus-

try and economy, that they soon rose above their first condition of want, and gained property more and more; till at length, as is well known, a large proportion of the wealth of the State is found in the hands of their descendants. But this outward favorable change brought with it no corresponding moral enlargement; had no power of course, in the circumstances, to do anything of this sort. It served to produce rather an undue attachment to money for its own sake; and along with this, as a necessary consequence, a low appreciation of all that pertains to the proper care and culture of the mind. Thus the German mind of Pennsylvania has become, with many, in a way most false and treasonable, certainly, to the true, original constitution of the German mind itself, the proverbial type of narrow-minded ignorance and close-fisted avarice combined. No part of the community has needed education more; and yet, from no quarter, unfortunately, has the cause of education, in time past, been so much discouraged and withstood.

The evil, too, has had a tendency to fatten itself upon its own bad fruit. The want of knowledge can never fail to make itself felt as a want also of power, and to carry along with it, for this reason, a more or less uncomfortable sense of weakness and inferiority. In this way, the relation of the German to the predominant education around him, has been too generally of a sort to create in his mind a prejudice against it, as involving in some way an unfavorable distinction at his expense. Then the bad purposes which such education has been found palpably to serve in many cases, have come in as a plausible show of reason to clothe their prejudice with still greater force. An intimate association was unhappily established in his mind thus between learning and mischief, very much akin with the union of smartness and fraud that goes to make up the character of a pettifogging lawyer. Scholar and Yankee, grew to be terms of nearly the same sense. The prejudice has operated seriously against all education; but especially, of course, against education in its higher forms. Whatever might be thought of common schools, prudently held within proper bounds, all seminaries of a more advanced character, were to be frowned upon and discouraged as productive of evil rather than of good. Colleges, in particular, have been brought in this way, extensively, into the very worst odor. In the eyes of the German farmer, they have appeared, very generally, to be nurseries of idleness, extravagance and pride, or schools of fair-faced knavery and over-reaching art and wit,

something worse in truth than an unprofitable vanity, an actual burden upon society, rather than a source of blessing and strength.

It is not easy to express the disastrous bearing of this widespread indifference and prejudice, in various ways, on the cause of education thus far in Pennsylvania. The evil has not limited itself to the German portion of our citizenship as such. This has been too large and powerful to be a simply negative factor in the life of the State. It has lent a vast positive force to the formation of its character. We are emphatically a German State. The whole spirit and conduct of the State in regard to education, as well as in other directions, have been influenced and determined to no considerable extent by the German habit of thought. All our educational movements accordingly, have been heavy and slow. Especially have our colleges been left to contend with all sorts of discouragement and difficulty. A number of such institutions have been established; but none of them can be said to rest on any proper foundation, or to be possessed of much real strength. The State has indeed made them, to some extent, the object of her patronizing care; but it has been in such a way, for the most part, as to defeat, in a great measure, the purposes of her own liberality. Her patronage has been administered, with variable, unsettled, fitful policy; or one might say, perhaps, capriciously, with no policy at all. The colleges have been left, generally, to take care of themselves. In these circumstances, the number has become twice as great as the actual wants of the State require; while the resources of the whole of them thrown together, would not be sufficient to make one institution fairly equal to what is required by its honor. In the midst of such public neglect, itself the fruit and sign of the prevailing popular sentiment in regard to the interest concerned, but little was to be expected for the support of such seminaries of learning, in the way of private munificence. In the history of the colleges of Pennsylvania, we hear of no rich donations or legacies, to erect buildings, found libraries, or endow professorships, lasting and noble monuments of a truly large zeal for the cause of letters. The only thing which may look like an exception, perhaps, to the remark, is presented to us in the magnificent Orphan College of Stephen Girard; but this most wasteful charity is no monument, properly speaking, of any really liberal interest in favor of letters, just as little as it can lay claim to the character of any such interest in favor of re-

ligion ; it is but the glaring expression rather of a narrow and illiberal mind, with regard to both. Thus it is, that our colleges have been left to build themselves up as they best could, without any such endowment as was needed to make them properly strong and independent over against the low and false views of education with which they have been surrounded. They have been doomed, in consequence, to a sickly existence, the unfavorable influence of which, has extended itself to the universal cause of knowledge in the State. For common schools will never flourish, where no suitable provision is made for education in its higher character ; and it must be visionary, of course, to expect in such a case, that any general intelligence or cultivation, can be brought to have place, by any means, in the community at large.

Altogether, it is evident enough, that the German element in our midst has had much to do with the somewhat proverbial sluggishness of our State, thus far, in the march of intellectual improvement ; and much reproach has been cast, in certain quarters, upon the *Pennsylvania Dutch*, as they are vulgarly called, for this very reason, as being a sort of Boëotian drawback and drag on the whole life of the State, greatly to its disparagement, especially as compared with its more smart and forward neighbors of the East and North. But what we have said of our moral composition, as a whole, is particularly true, we believe, of just that part of it which is subjected to this reproach. If the German mind of Pennsylvania has stood in the way of letters, heretofore, and caused her to lag behind other States, in the policy of education, we may see in it, at the same time, the fair promise and pledge of a more auspicious future, that shall serve hereafter, to redeem her character, on this score, from all past and present blame. So far as this large mass of mind is concerned, it is owing, certainly, to no constitutional inferiority, that it has not yielded more fruit in the way of knowledge and culture. The fact, as we have just seen, is sufficiently explained by other causes. Regarded as material, simply, no body of mind in the country, is more susceptible of education, or more favorably disposed for the reception of it, in its most healthy and vigorous form. Who that knows anything of the literature and science of Germany itself, will bear to be told that there is no native affinity between the spirit of such a people and the cause of knowledge, or that it can require anything more than proper opportunity and encouragement, in any circumstances, to bring this affinity

finally into view? It is a slander upon the German mind of Pennsylvania, to stigmatize it as constitutionally inactive and unproductive, or as naturally narrow and illiberal. We have no right to charge upon its nature, what at worst is to be considered only the fault of circumstances. The condition in which it has been placed, has been such, as to consign it for years, to general ignorance, and along with this to much moral and spiritual rudeness in other respects; and this has had the effect of seriously retarding the progress of the whole State in the cause of education. But it has not destroyed or impaired, in the mean time, the capabilities of the State for a generous and vigorous self-development in this form, at a later period. Nay, it is quite possible, that something may have been gained for the force of this development at last, by the very delay which has thus been put upon it in past years. An earlier awakening of the proper German life of Pennsylvania, might have been more untimely, and so less favorable to the drawing out of its powers in their best form. It may be well, that these powers and possibilities have lain buried for the most part till the present time, when the opening as it were, of a new era in the history of our country might seem to make room for their being unfolded with such effect as was not to be hoped for before. In this view, we have no reason to be ashamed of the German character of our State. There is a blessing in it, with all its faults; and the time has now come, we may trust, when the secret power of this blessing will begin to make itself extensively felt. The hindrances which have heretofore stood in the way of its moral and intellectual advancement, are happily fast disappearing. Our German population has begun to free itself everywhere from the thralldom of an isolated, and therefore, comparatively stagnant and dead social position, maintained heretofore through the use of a foreign tongue, and is entering more and more into free, active communication with the general life of the State. With the falling away of this middle wall of partition, old prejudices, and old occasions of prejudice, are rapidly losing their power. A new interest is beginning to make itself felt on all sides, in favor of education. Much of course, very much, still remains to be desired, in this respect, especially as regards education in its higher forms; but never before has there been the same room for encouragement, that there is now, in the way of what may be regarded as fair preparation at least, and promise here in the right direction. The field is white already to harvest.

What is wanted, is, that the rich opportunity should be rightly understood, and vigorously, as well as wisely improved. Let us have faith and confidence in the German nature itself; let us believe, that in these circumstances it will not fail to show itself spiritually worthy of its own pedigree and race. The Low Dutch nature, extensively prevalent in New Jersey and New York, might have been considered, constitutionally, a much less promising element for the process of social cultivation; although we find it now actively associated in fact with all that belongs to the cause of education in those States. Only let the unnatural restraints fall away, which have heretofore done violence to the German heart and German soul of Pennsylvania—an emancipation which, as we have just seen, is now fast taking place—and we may reasonably anticipate a still more cheering result. With all the deterioration it may seem to have suffered for the time, in the captivity of more than seventy years, through which it has been called to pass, the mind of Germany still lives in the posterity of her children transplanted to America during the last century; to some extent modified, no doubt, by the new influences to which it has been so long exposed, but ready still to wake in the power of its now properly distinguishing qualities and attributes, just as soon as fit occasion may be afforded for such purpose.

In this view then, we repeat it, there is no reason to be discouraged with the prospects of our State, as regards education and learning. Our population contains at least the elements of a greatness in this respect, which may be expected to bear favorable comparison, in due time, with that of any other section of the country. Our mountains are not more full of buried wealth, than the spirit of our people. Let us be true to ourselves, in constructing schools and colleges for the one interest, as well as rail-roads and canals for the other, and all will be right. Pennsylvania may yet become the soil of the most thriving and vigorous literature in the land.

It is not only, however, for the purpose of encouragement and hope, that we need to understand the genius of our State, and to have proper faith in its spiritual resources and capabilities; such knowledge and confidence are of indispensable account also for the right ordering of what may be done or proposed in the way of education, for the due development of its moral life.

To insure a truly efficient system of culture, regard must be had to the nature and quality of the soil to which it is to be

applied. Every intelligent farmer knows this to be true, in the common tillage of his fields. It is, however, not a whit less true in the moral world. The education of any people, politically, morally, religiously, or in the way of literature and science, is a problem in which account must always be made of the constitutional nature and temper of the people itself, and of its actual origin and history, as given conditions which can never be left out of sight, if the problem is to be solved in a really satisfactory way. The training that suits England or Scotland well, may not be desirable for Italy, France, or Spain. And just in the same way, we say, different sections of these United States may call for different systems of education, as really as they require different systems of agriculture; and if this be so, nothing, of course, can be more important, in the business of social and intellectual culture throughout the nation, than that it should be made, as much as possible, conformable everywhere to the actual character of the particular population for which it is designed.

Pennsylvania, in particular, it is easy enough to see, requires for the full proper development of her hidden spiritual life, something more than the form of education, which prevails in New England. The two regions embrace two different orders of mind; and this difference is not accidental simply, but constitutional; it enters in each case into the very life of the people. However excellent the reigning life of New England may be in itself considered, it is not the proper life for Pennsylvania; and it would be both unnatural and unwise to insist on making it so by educational force. No such violent process can ever produce a natural, harmonious, and truly vigorous evolution of the inward powers on which it is brought to act; and it is hardly necessary to say, that without this no intellectual or moral culture deserves to be regarded as worthy of the name. If our great State is ever to rise to her proper high position in the world of mind, she must have an order of education in some measure peculiar to herself, and answerable to her own order of life.

It is to be expected, indeed, that some common national character, will, in the course of time, impress itself on the mind of the country as a whole; and we should be sorry to encourage any such provincial or sectional distinctions, as might fairly serve to stand in the way of this final result. But there are two things here to be considered and kept in mind. Such national unity of character must not be confounded with the idea

of monotonous sameness. That would be the uniformity of death; whereas the very conception of life implies variety, diversity of powers and operations, the union of the manifold for the representation of some common idea, and in the service of some common end. Then again, in a country like ours, no such unity of national life and spirit can ever be reached, by the mere outward triumph of any one single form of mind over all other forms of mind embraced in the general process; and much less is it to be imagined, of course, that it is the prerogative of any particular fashion and type of thought already at work among us, to set itself up in this way, as the last standard and whole measure of all that is to be included hereafter in our American civilization. The time has gone by; when it might have been dreamed that the law of this civilization, under its last and most universal form was to be regarded as a fact already given in the social constitution of any part of the country, as it now stands. Even New England, with all its power of ubiquitous self-multiplication, must now be content to give up every pretension to any such legislative authority in this view, whatever reason there might have seemed to be for it twenty or even ten years ago. Deserving as it may be of all honor and respect, it is becoming more and more plain every year, that the mind of New England is destined to be, after all, a partial factor only, a single element merely, and nothing more, in the constitution of what is to be known hereafter as the proper nationality of this mighty republic. This nationality has not yet appeared; it is a problem which still remains to be solved by the course of history; and the universal movement of things, at the present time, shows that the solution is to come, not by man's forethought or plan, in any way, but by the action of forces which God only is able to control.

In such circumstances, the true idea of education for any particular portion of the country, should be felt to involve much more than a blind outward following merely, of such modes and habits of intelligence as may have come to prevail in some other part. The case requires rather, that every section of the land, north and south, east and west, should fall back as much as possible upon the true ground of its own life, and aim at a culture which may as far as possible correspond with this, and thus serve most effectually to bring out its proper capabilities in their best and most perfect form. In this way only can each part of the nation do justice to itself, and con-

tribute its due share at the same time to the formation at last of a true national life ; since this can be brought to pass only as the product of a general process, in which shall be comprehended all the constituent factors of this life, and not simply a part of them ; and in which full room and scope shall be allowed to these different forces, so that each shall be properly represented in the final result.

Never was there a time then, when it was more necessary and proper, than it is at present, that the State of Pennsylvania, in particular, should propose to herself, in the way of social, intellectual and moral cultivation, the natural development of her own distinctive resources and powers, instead of consenting to follow simply in the wake of Massachusetts or Connecticut, New Jersey or New York. Let her learn now especially to understand and respect her own nature, her own constitutional genius. The time has been, when it was not easy to do this ; when it may have seemed hard for any such self-respect on the part of the Commonwealth, to sustain itself, over against the more advanced culture, and more active intelligence, of some other parts of the country ; and it is perhaps, fortunate, as before suggested, that the way was not then open, in the State, for any general movement in favor of education and knowledge, just because from the known pliancy of the German mind, and its readiness to yield itself passively to foreign influences, it is not unreasonable to suppose, that in such a case, as things then stood, the true and proper character of the State might have been sacrificed altogether to the power of a life different from its own. But this time has passed away. We live now in a different period, stand in the midst of new relations, and see ourselves surrounded on all sides with a new horizon. It is no longer difficult to set a proper value on the distinctive character of our State, or to see that it is capable of taking a form in the way of education, answerable to its own native and peculiar constitution, which may be of far more account to the country than any that could possibly be borrowed for its use from abroad. In such circumstances, it becomes the duty of all to seek the elevation of the State in this way. Let her know herself ; let her have faith in the capabilities of her own population ; let education be made a truly home interest within her borders. In this way, and only in this way, may she be expected to rise, to come into the full waking possession finally, of her own rich interior life, and to fulfil, successfully, the great mission that

seems of right, to belong to her, politically and morally, in the coming history of the United States.

No system of education then, taken as a whole, can be regarded as complete for Pennsylvania, in which account is not made practically of the German mind and German character as such. Whatever else such a system may need to include that it may be answerable to the original and natural genius of the State, this point is indispensable; it must be in a certain sense German as well as English. An exclusively English training, an education representing only English modes of thought, can never be taken as fully sufficient to meet the wants of a community which is to so great an extent of German origin and descent. We do not mean by this, of course, that the German tongue must be retained in common use, or that the German national usages and customs are to be carefully carried forward from one generation to another. The sooner the language as it is now commonly spoken among us may go out of date, the better. This is a corrupt and barbarous dialect, which stands in no proper organic connection at present either with the life of Germany, or with that of the United States; the whole influence of which for this reason is unfavorable to every thing like free mental development. Nor could any important end be answered, by trying to substitute for this the German in a pure form. It is far more easy to substitute for it the English tongue, which is commonly spoken in the country, and which in the nature of the case must ever be on this account also of far greater value and use. Those are no true friends of our German population, whatever they may pretend to the contrary, who endeavor to foster in it a prejudice against the English language, and thus do as much as they well can to exclude it from the social and educational advantages which are fully accessible only through the use of this language. We have reason to congratulate ourselves, that the day for such prejudice has now nearly come to an end, and that through the influence of our public improvements and common schools the bad German dialect of Pennsylvania is in a fair way finally of being forced to retire from the field. This revolution must involve also necessarily the passing away of many old customs, handed down by tradition from the fathers. To insist on holding such things fast, as mere dead relics of a by-gone time, would be pedantry only of the poorest sort. But that is a low view to take of nationality, by which it is regarded as at once coming to an end by any such change of

language or merely outward and accidental life. When we speak of the German character of Pennsylvania, we mean something much deeper than this. We refer rather to the nature of the German mind as such, its distinguishing spirit, its constitutional organization, its historical substance and form. It is true indeed, that this has undergone a certain modification by the influences to which it has been subjected thus far in the new world; and it may be expected to undergo still greater change in time to come, when the old language shall have gone entirely out of popular use. But no alteration of this sort is sufficient, to pull down the whole genius of a people and build it up again in new style. The German order of mind still survives in Pennsylvania, and will long continue to survive, the wreck of German speech and German customs. It enters largely, as a lasting constituent, into the universal character of the State, and it is in this view especially, we say, that it is entitled to continual practical regard in our schemes of intellectual and moral improvement. Our Anglo-German character demands an Anglo-German education.

From what has been already said, it is plain that this requirement is one which cannot be met adequately by our common schools. If it were wanted simply to keep up the use of the German language, we might indeed call in their powerful machinery to our aid. But this is not wanted; and it is no business of our schools now, accordingly, to teach German. But beyond this, their province can have little to do directly with the interest now under consideration. What they teach, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and other such particular studies, so far as the main matter of them is concerned, have as little to do with one nationality as another. There may be a difference indeed in the spirit with which such things are taught, in the governing idea and ruling soul of the instruction itself. But this is something, which these common schools are not able of themselves to produce. Viewed as a matter of education, the spirit that should rule them must descend into them from a higher quarter, from the university or college. Here we see the true relation between the college and the school, between education in its higher and education in its lower character. Nothing can well be more foolish and absurd, than to think of exalting one of these interests at the cost of the other, or to imagine that there exists between them any sort of real contrariety and op-

position. A true system of education for any people must embrace both; and it must embrace both always in this relation, that the spirit of the college shall give tone and character to the spirit of the school, as it ought to make itself felt indeed in the spiritual life of the entire community. It is to our colleges then we must look mainly for the proper solution of the problem now before us, an educational culture that may be fairly answerable to the wants of Pennsylvania, as an Anglo-German State. If they are not brought to provide for the case, it will be in vain to expect that suitable provision can ever be made for it in any other way.

Is it asked now, how a college may do its part towards this object? We may answer, that the case does not require of course a system of instruction carried forward in the German language. Some have been disposed indeed to insist on something of this sort, as being the only effectual way, in their view, of maintaining the interest in question. But no surer course could be taken in fact, to overthrow the interest altogether. A German college established in any part of Pennsylvania on this plan, even if its professors might rival those of Halle or Berlin, would carry with it almost no weight or influence whatever. On the other hand, however, the case requires something more than a course of instruction in German, or a regular department even of German literature, hung as a sort of outward appendage simply, on the general scheme to which it is attached. An institution suited to the character of Pennsylvania, and carrying in it a proper relation to its educational wants, particularly at the present time, needs to be English altogether in its general course of studies, and yet of such reigning spirit that both the German language and the German habit of thought shall feel themselves to be easily at home within its bosom. The presence of this element will be cherished with true congenial sympathy and respect. The power of a natural affinity with it will be felt and acknowledged on all sides. A living communication will be maintained with the literature and science, philosophy and religion, of Germany itself, serving to promote, at the same time, an intelligent regard for the German life at home, with a proper insight into its merits and defects, its capacities and wants. Such an institution will have faith in the resources of this home life as such, will understand the true sense of it, the sterling qualities, that lie hid beneath its rude and rough exterior, and will address itself honestly and heartily to the task of developing and

drawing out these qualities in their own proper form; in the full persuasion that no better material, no more worthy sphere of service, and no surer promise of success in the end, could be offered to it from any other quarter or under any different form. Making itself one in this way, and feeling itself one, with the natural spirit of the State, so far as it is German, an institution of this sort must carry with it at once a passport to the good opinion and confidence of our German citizenship; for it is wonderful how soon like makes itself intelligible to like, and the sense of a common nature and spirit serves to draw the most different orders of mind together, causing children even, for instance, to feel themselves familiarly at home with age and authority in one case, while they shrink from their presence in another. Such fellow feeling, in the case before us, must open the way immediately for the happiest results. The German mind of Pennsylvania, seeing and feeling the real significance of its own nature reflected upon it in this way from an institution of learning really and truly belonging to itself, cannot fail to be inspired with a new sense of independence and becoming self-respect. No object deserves to be considered more important than this, for the cause of education in our State; and if a college may be so constituted and ordered, as by its relationship with the German mind among us to become an interpreting key that shall serve to make this mind in any measure rightly intelligible to itself, it will by such good office alone have done more for the State than can well be expressed. With self-knowledge and proper self-reliance, may be expected to appear more and more movement and decided action also in favor of knowledge. A proper patronage will be called forth, in support of a system of education which is thus appreciated and understood. It will become more and more the fashion for German families to send their sons to college; and the influence of the college will be made in this way again to reach forth more and more extensively upon the community. The case will be one of continual action and reaction; and so long as the institution remains true to its original character, and tries to carry out faithfully, as it ought to do, its proper mission and task, as a college for Pennsylvania and not for some other State, working thus in harmony with the natural spirit of the State itself and finding in it a congenial element, it will make itself felt upon this more and more as a source of general education, giving tone and character to its universal life. Such we conceive to be the

general process, by which it might be possible to realize the conception of a reigning education properly adapted to the German character of Pennsylvania, and which every true friend of the State should be willing to approve and encourage for this purpose. We do not see, how it is possible for the object to be accomplished in any other way.

This being so, those among us who love the German nationality, and who wish to have its just rights maintained in the process of amalgamation which is slowly but surely hammering out what is to be hereafter the finished character of the State, are the very last surely who should look with a cold or unfriendly eye on our higher institutions of learning. If these rights are ever to be successfully asserted and upheld, it must be by this agency rather than by any other. It is in vain to look to our common schools for any such service as this; and it is worse than in vain to imagine, that any possible form of social exclusiveness will be of the least avail to ward off the evil which is to be apprehended. The tide has already set in, which will soon sweep down all that may be opposed to it in any such purely outward and helpless style. The German language must soon pass out of popular use, and along with it will disappear with inevitable necessity much of the outward show and fashion of our good old Pennsylvania German life as it now stands. The time is fast coming on, think of it as we may, when this good old life will exist only in story or in song, like that which Diedrich Knickerbocker has rendered so illustrious in his ever memorable history of New York. In this approaching revolution and wreck, if anything is to be saved it can be only the soul, the spirit, the inward genius and power, of what is thus in every other view doomed to destruction. But, as we have now seen, the spiritual conservatism which is needed for securing a victory of this sort over such a crisis, is a power that can be exercised effectually only by our colleges. To them it belongs of right, to determine and represent the course that shall be taken by the general intelligence of the State, and to give law and tone thus to its reigning education. How important, then, that such an agency should be clothed with a proper character in reference to the interests here in view, and that it should be properly supported in such form by those especially to whom this interest is dear. Let this be well considered by our German citizens generally; and they will soon see that they of all others ought to be concerned to have colleges, and to have them in a form and shape also to

answer their own wants. In no other way have they it so much in their power, to maintain the credit of the German name, to make their language honorable, and to perpetuate the force of their own life in the future history of the country. All depends indeed on the spirit with which such institutions may themselves be animated and ruled. But for this very reason, they ought not to be surrendered into wrong hands, and placed under false direction. Let our German population see to it, while they have power to do so, that an agency so potent for good be brought in some proper measure under their own patronage and control, and thus be wielded for the conservation of these interests and not for their destruction.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that what we have now said looks in no way to the idea of anything like an exclusively German spirit, in our system of college education. The life of Germany, as such, can never, and should never, become the life of any part of these United States; just as little as the life, in any like view, of England, Italy, or France. All we mean, is, that the German mind among us should come in for its just share of regard, as a vast and mighty element in the composition of our State. Respect must be had also of course, and in the nature of the case always will be had in more than full proportion to what may be denominated the natively English side of our life. What the case demands, as we have already intimated, is an Anglo-German education—a form of intellectual and moral culture, in which the English and German nationalities shall be happily blended together in the power of a common spirit fairly representing the mixed character of the State. The two orders of life are eminently well fitted to flow in this way into one; and the combination, we believe, would give a result which in the end must prove itself to be better than either. Towards the accomplishment of this great object, the patriotic wishes of all good Pennsylvanians should be actively turned. Now especially, when the fulness of time might seem to be at hand for it in the course of God's providence, it ought to be the aim and scope of our whole educational policy.

The interest and importance of this celebration turn altogether, we may say, on the relation it bears to the cause, whose claims I have thus far been endeavoring to explain and enforce. The opening of Franklin and Marshall College in the city of Lancaster, is an event, which deserves to be publicly proclaimed in this way, and which is destined, we trust,

to be held in long remembrance hereafter, not simply because a new institution of learning is thus introduced under favorable auspices to the attention of the world ; but especially and mainly for this reason, that the institution in question is one, which by all its connections and relations stands pledged to sustain such a true Anglo-German character, as we have seen to be needed for Pennsylvania, and may be expected to do much towards solving, practically, the problem of a right education for the State in this form.

The new college is formed by the consolidation of two other chartered institutions, both of which were intended from the beginning, to serve the cause of learning among the German part, more particularly, of our population. The funds of Franklin College were created by the Legislature of the State, expressly for this purpose and could never have been devoted to any other object without a solemn breach of trust. Marshall College was established at Mercersburg in the year 1835, under the patronage of the German Reformed Church, for the same end ; and it is not saying too much to affirm, that its energies have been faithfully and successfully devoted to this object from first to last. It has aimed to be an Anglo-German institution, and to adapt itself, in this respect, to the genius and wants of Pennsylvania, as well as of other parts of the country in which the English and German elements are similarly united ; and in the prosecution of that end, has steadily refused to be a copy or echo simply of systems of thought elsewhere established, which might carry in them no reference whatever to any such order of life. Having this character, and pursuing this course, the college has in fact done much, during the comparatively short period of its history, to encourage and promote a proper zeal for education in the German community, as well as to show how much of promise for this cause is contained in our American German mind, just so soon as proper pains may be taken to turn it to account. No other college has done more, none perhaps, as much, to call out the qualities of this American German mind, in the case of its students, in a form answerable to its own historical nature ; to inspire it with a confidence in itself ; to wake within it the felt sense of a living connection with Germany ; to make it, in one word, strong and honorable in its own eyes, and also in the eyes of others. Marshall College has a history in this view, possesses a name, forms an important fact, carries with it memories and associations, which must be regarded of lasting account for the

cause of education in Pennsylvania. The whole worth and weight of this moral character and property, including the favor of its alumni, and other pupils, at this time widely scattered over the land, pass over now along with the college itself to the new institution established in Lancaster. By the act of consolidation which we are met to celebrate on the present occasion, these two German interests, Franklin College and Marshall College, are here at length happily formed into one; the future history of which, thus carrying in its bosom the united force and purpose of both, will prove to be a stream, we may trust, worthy of such twofold source, that shall continue for ages to diffuse far and wide the blessings of education, in a form suitable to the genius, and worthy of the character of this great Anglo-German State.

In the second place, this new institution derives additional importance, in the general light now presented, from the consideration that it stands under the care of the German Reformed Church, and may expect to enjoy its perpetual patronage and support.* The denomination is bound to it, on both sides of the union from which it springs; in virtue of the interest it has had all along in Marshall College, and in virtue also of its interest in Franklin College; since by original title and recent purchase together, two thirds of the whole property of this last, as is well known, belonged of right to the Reformed Church before the union took place. From its membership also, no doubt, has been drawn a large proportion of the sub-

* It is hardly necessary to say, that this denominational character of the institution implies nothing exclusive or offensively sectarian. All who have given the subject any sort of serious consideration know very well, that no college can go forward vigorously in this country, which is not placed under the reigning control of some particular religious body, so as to be entitled in this way at the same time to its special patronage and care. The fact of such a relation in the case before us, made perfectly clear and sure from the start by the terms of the college charter, should be regarded as a consideration greatly in favor of the whole enterprise. Without this, there could be no proper guaranty that it would be consecrated to the service of religion at all, or that it would be animated by a prevailing religious spirit; a gross defect, which must at once render it altogether undeserving of confidence; since all godless education, high or low, all education which is not subjected throughout to some positive system of religious faith, can never be a blessing, but only a curse. It is well, therefore, that this new college stands in decided connection with a particular branch of the Protestant Church. In the character of this branch of the Church itself, however, as well as in the general organization of the institution, the best security is given that no narrow spirit of sectarianism will be allowed to turn the enterprise from its proper object, but that it will continue to go forward always hereafter in the same liberal and catholic spirit with which it has been commenced.

scription raised in this county, to indemnify in the way of new buildings here the large sacrifice that was to be made, in the nature of the case, on the buildings which have been left behind in Mercersburg. All around, the transaction is to be considered thus far mainly, as a consolidation of separate German Reformed interests, which have thus been wisely thrown together now for the establishment of a college that shall be worthy of the Church at this point. But this is only a small part of what the institution may be said to possess, by its relation to the Church. Of far more account, is the friendship, and favor, and lasting patronage of the large and respectable German denomination which it is made in this way to represent. It will be the centre of education for the whole body at least on this side of the mountains; towards which, from every side, will be directed its eyes of expectation and hope, and on which must depend in fact all its future prosperity and success.

Finally, we have much to augur in favor of the new institution from its location. This may be said to be all that could be desired, especially for the full realization of what we have found to be desirable in the case of a college, designed to act properly on the German mind of Pennsylvania. In any view, the city of Lancaster offers a fine situation for such a seat of learning. Its immediate local advantages are too well known, to require any notice or mention. By its position, in the midst of the new facilities for travel and trade which are opening on all sides, it is easy of access from almost every quarter. Especially may it be regarded as in this view likely soon to become, if it be not in fact already, the very heart and centre of the German Reformed Church, and of what may be termed the German region in general in the Middle States. A college of good character established here can never fail to be in full sight of this broad and ample territory, and to command more or less of its attention and respect. But it would be hard to name any place at the same time, which might seem to have less need or occasion to look abroad in this way for encouragement, in the case of any such enterprise. The city and county of Lancaster ought to be considered a host in themselves, most fully sufficient for carrying it forward alone, if that were at all necessary. The county, for size, and population, and wealth, might pass respectably for an independent State; and if the cause of education within it stood in any sort of proportion with its prosperity in other respects, it would be found to require no doubt, as it would also abundantly sustain,

a flourishing college simply for its own use. No such patronage indeed is to be asked of it, or expected from it now. The time for it has not yet come. But who will say, that it may not come hereafter, or that it may not begin to come soon? The field itself, at all events, is full of hope and promise. It derives additional importance also, as related to our present enterprize, from the fact that it is so thoroughly German. It is altogether right and fit, that Franklin and Marshall College, along with its other German affinities and connections, and proposing, as it does, to make common cause with the natural Anglo-German spirit of Pennsylvania in the business of education, should be planted in the bosom of Lancaster county, where the German element still prevails in full strength, and is able to make itself felt politically and morally over the whole State. Here precisely is the place for a seat of learning, which may be made under German auspices, and in the midst of German associations, to accomplish in part at least the service that is needed, to do justice to the mixed character of the State, and to bring out its peculiar capabilities in the best form. And may we not trust, that the fit and right time also has now come for such an institution to enter upon its work, and that the way is open for carrying it forward with success? A new impulse has begun to be felt in the life of the county, as well as in the spirit of the city, in other respects. May it not be hoped, that the benefit of this awakening will not be confined wholly to material interests; will not exhaust itself in railroads, and cotton mills, and other such machinery of business and wealth; but that some portion of it at least will find its way to the far more important interest of learning, and make itself felt auspiciously in favor of the great and noble enterprize, whose claims and hopes and prospects are before us at the present time?

Let the enterprise only prove true and faithful to what we have now seen to be the object which should be aimed at in a system of education for this State; let it be carried forward vigorously in the spirit of the idea, which would seem to be prescribed for it by all the conditions in the midst of which it starts; and we see not how, with these favorable auspices and omens, this field of opportunity and promise, it should fail of being crowned in time with the largest and most triumphant success. Never was the way more fairly open before certainly, for the creation of a literary institution, which might be brought to represent and express worthily the true character

of the State while it should serve also to make it respectable, by calling out effectually the resources which are comprehended in the German side of its life. In such view, the present occasion deserves indeed to be regarded one of no ordinary significance and interest. The whole State is concerned in the opening of this new college in Lancaster; and has a right to expect that such a movement, put forward in favor of so great an object at such a point, will not be allowed to come short of its proper purpose and end. It will not do so, if the citizens of this county, if the people only of this city, choose and resolve to have it otherwise. Let us hope and trust, that such determination will not fail to rally itself around the enterprise more and more, until there shall be no room for even a shadow of doubt in regard to its success. Let us accept as an omen and pledge of this, the public welcome with which the arms of the community are thrown open, to receive the institution into their midst on the present occasion. The whole State knows, we might almost say the whole world knows, that if Lancaster county and the city of Lancaster see proper, Franklin and Marshall College may soon be made the ornament and glory, not only of this city and county, but of the entire Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. And who will pretend, that the ambition and zeal of this old German community, now rolling as it does in wealth, would not be well and worthily laid out, if they were turned in fact towards the realization of so grand an object? One cannot be satisfied indeed, to think of such a community stopping short with anything less high and honorable, in an enterprise of this sort. A mere second or third rate college, a college of no character or force, might answer for other places, or might have answered well enough perhaps for Lancaster itself in other times; but for the Lancaster that now is, and still more for the Lancaster that is to be some ten or twenty years hence, no thought of this kind should be for one moment endured. Better no college here at all, with the greatest deliberation we say it, better no pretension whatever on the part of the place to be known as the seat of any such literary institution, than to have the German name disgraced, and the literary character of our German State turned into a perpetual proverb and by-word, by the mere sham or shadow of a college in no right keeping with the central and solid character of the place in other respects. Lancaster should either have no college at all, or else have one that may be in all respects worthy of the name. Let the powerful citizenship of the county, and

especially its German citizenship, lay this well to heart. It is a case which calls for their care and zeal, and that may well be allowed to rouse into action their honest pride. It is a case that involves, to no small extent, the honor and credit of the German name. It is such an opportunity as may never be had, we believe certainly never will be had, under any other form for making this name respectable, and for securing to it its just rights, in the educational history of Pennsylvania. Let the county see to it, that the opportunity be not neglected and in the end lost. And let it be the ambition of the city to do faithfully its part also in building up an interest, which may be made externally as well as morally to redound so much to its embellishment and praise. The most beautiful location in the immediate vicinity of the town has already been secured for the use of the institution, with ample room for all improvements that may be required for its service and accommodation. It would be unfortunate indeed, if so commanding a situation, exposed from all sides to the widest public view, and looking out continually upon the world of travel that passes by, should not be occupied in proper course of time with buildings and other arrangements worthy of such a position, and fit to appear as the standing advertisement of what is destined to become hereafter, we trust, so great a college. I beg leave, in conclusion, to commend *this* point in particular to the attention and care of the city. It concerns the taste and pride of the city upon its own account. Lancaster should see to it, that Franklin and Marshall College be not permitted to perpetrate the *bathos*, of surmounting for all time to come the most magnificent site in her neighborhood with a mere twenty five thousand dollar scheme of public improvement !

ART. VI.—RATIONALISTIC POETRY.

WE here give, together with some strictures, a little poem, which seems to us to be pre-eminently Rationalistic. Its author, date and publisher are not known. It is taken from a little book, called "*Affection's Gift*," from which the title page is gone. Our purpose is merely an effort to open such eyes, as need to be opened, to the miseries of that popular literature which claims to be *precious*, and therefore goes about amongst us in "*gilt*." But this gilt of gold, it would seem, is merely a covering for the deeper guilt of sin; and these precious books, darkness clothed in light.

It is said to be an easy matter to find fault,—but to make things as they should be—"aye there's the rub!" To show therefore, that we have the *disposition* to build up as well as to pull down, we will in the end, take the author's chair, and endeavor to rewrite his poem, from the Christian standpoint. As, however, we now have to do with it, not as a work of art, but of sentiment only, so in our version, we shall have respect only to the claims of truth, and not of artistic taste. Were we to criticise its art, we would also endeavor to amend it—our correction will merely aim to be commensurate with our faultfinding.

VERSES TO AN INFANT.

"Blessings rest on thee, happy one!
All that parental love
Could ask, or wish, since life begun,
Be giv'n thee from above.

"Fruitless the wish, and vain the prayer,
For perfect bliss, would be;
Thou canst not shun what all must share,
Nor 'scape from sorrow free.

"What all must meet, thou canst not miss;
Yet mayst thou, sweet one, know
Capacity to relish bliss,
And strength to combat wo."

Why bless one that is already "*happy*"? This is giving to the rich, or carrying coals to Newcastle. And then, why

call an *infant* happy? He alone is happy, who is a subject of holiness, whether consciously or not. Such holiness the infant does not possess. The prayer expressed in the next three lines, is good enough in itself. The author asks for something to be "given from above." Yet in the end, as will be seen, he plainly teaches that all must come from native "innocence," developed by the "teachings of nature," and finally consummated by the "Spirit *placed* within the heart." It mechanically *places* the Spirit within the heart, to direct it, very much as the farmer places his boy on the horse to guide him while ploughing out corn.

The second stanza declares "the wish and prayer for perfect bliss to be fruitless and vain." Such, however, is not the teaching of Scripture, nor the experience even of the martyr. The cross leads to the crown, and the foretaste ends in the full fruition. The Church is the vestibule of heaven. The poem, however, seems not to know any heaven. That is a continent which as yet it has not discovered; nor has it even heard of that celestial Columbus who has revealed it, and brought life and immortality to light. Consequently also it knows no Church.—It makes existence from beginning to end, (for it intimates no hereafter,) to be a mere mixture of (natural) "bliss" and "wo." This "wo" has no relationship to sin. The poem, therefore, knows nothing of "godly sorrow," and will not let its "happy" babe, either now or hereafter, escape from natural sorrow. Yet the third stanza implores that the "sweet one, may know capacity to relish bliss and strength to combat wo." But this, instead of unriddling the riddle, renders the enigma of life still more hopeless. What else than perfect mockery is it, to "know capacity for bliss and strength to combat wo," when the latter can never be escaped, and the former can never be attained! But whence this capacity and strength? Doubtless from the original "happy one," and hence its inefficiency and vanity.

"May that pure innocence, which now
Is infancy's best spell,
Encircle long thy cloudless brow,
And in thy bosom dwell.

"It is the talisman, whose touch
Is like Ithuriel's spear;
And it shall teach thee, used as such,
Both what to love and fear."

Here, then, is imputed to the infant, a *pure* innocence. The infant is rightly allowed to be innocent—harmless, without wilful malice and guile; but purity is a quality which the Church and Scripture no where recognize as belonging to the infant. Daily experience cannot find it there. The nature of the infant has a native obliquity; its being, from the first, is an instrument unstrung, in discord with itself, and out of tune with the whole order of the world. "Man enters the world with a wail, and leaves it with a groan."—This fourth stanza, however, is in harmony with itself, though not so with the second and third. The second allows its subject no perfect bliss, and no escape from sorrow, (that is, natural ill). The third, throws its "sweet one" into a combat between bliss and wo, (that is still, mere natural states or conditions.) The fourth now prays that its native, "pure innocence, may long encircle its *cloudless* brow, and in its bosom dwell;" and to cap the climax, the fifth stanza declares, that "pure innocence,"—native, inborn purity, an original, subjective potency, developed doubtless by proper circumstance and condition, as the "teachings of nature," (afterwards mentioned,) "shall teach the infant both what to love and fear." No objective teacher, either human or divine, is needed in the case: no parents, no Church, no Bible even, no Saviour, no Spirit, no God. The original germ, "pure innocence," is itself an infallible guide. Animal instinct, which keeps its subject in all its ways, sounds the alarm when danger is near, leads to places of refuge and rest, and presides over the selection of appropriate food, from among a multitude of noxious plants, would seem to be a perfect parallel to this pure innocence. The "bliss" of our poem, seems to be a mere natural product, and not the child of virtue; so also its "wo" is but a natural circumstance, and not the offspring of sin. Instinct and innocence, therefore, seem to be in the same category—to have the same capacity to relish the same bliss, and the same strength to combat the same wo. Development, satiety and safety are the bliss of each, and merely external danger and deprivation, not internal corruption and pollution, is their wo. Their harm is wholly from without, and not a "root of bitterness," native and within. Much more consistent, therefore, is the heathen poet Anacreon, when writing of the Katydid, (*πετρίδι*;) for he hesitates not at once to pronounce it "blessed, immortal, and almost a god," on the ground of its perfect natural happiness and bliss. Our author, on the contrary, blesses his already "happy one;"

and bids it depend on its own "pure innocence," to "teach it both what to love and fear." To his already "happy one," whose "pure innocence" renders it self-sufficient for all emergencies, he superadds his blessing, and gives the following anxious exhortation to scorn all authority, to spurn all tradition—to violate the commandment, *Honor thy father and thy mother*. If his subject was already so thoroughly furnished out of its own native resources, he should have spared this exhortation, as wholly superfluous. But here it is :—

"In all the countless codes and creeds,
Which man for man has planned,
Is much, that he who ofteneest reads,
Will never understand.

"May these be as a volume sealed ;—
A fountain closed to thee ;
And in thy heart shall be revealed
Life's true philosophy."

—"There,"—doubtless the author complacently exclaimed—"there is a touch of the transcendental for you!"—and transcendental it truly is. The author must be a very Gallio, fearing neither God nor man, but sublimely transcending them both. Doubtless the infant thus addressed, has now become "Young America," kicking "Old Fogysm" out the door ; or one of the "fast young men," who knows no higher honor to his venerable father, than to style him, with significant sarcasm, "The Treasurer."

There is indeed in "human codes and creeds," much that, the more it is pondered, becomes the more perplexing. For this there are two reasons : the one, is the presence of really erroneous elements ; and the other, incompleteness of development. Codes and creeds partake of the imperfections of their authors, and of the times in which they originate. They all have their history, whereby they eliminate their foreign elements, appropriate new ones, and expand their original germs. Consequently the older they are, the better ; and when persons of the present day, undertake to reconstruct their codes and creeds, or to produce them *de novo*, they soon involve themselves in the same category with their fathers, with all antiquity, with the past in every shape and form it can possibly assume, political, scientific, or religious. The fable once was that the old crab took his son to task, because, instead of going directly forwards, he was continually running off side-

wise ; and the son replied that this was all a matter of inheritance and vital tradition. But the times are changed ; and now we hear the young crab chiding his father, and sayings : "You old Fogy, why this obliquity in your goings ? Here, now ; let us both start from the same point ; and while you are crawling off sidewise to an ignoble end, I will dart straight ahead to perfection and renown." The old crab, who has often shed the shell of narrowness and inexperience, stations himself skilfully at the desired point, so that in spite of the tide that sweeps down the native proclivity to ill, and in spite of all the winds of opposing circumstances, he makes a successful "tack," and gains a point in the rapid river of time, far in advance of the station from which he started. Thus, though his movement was not directly forwards, a thing which he sadly knows is impossible in his present case, yet has he made a commendable distance in the direction of true "historic progress." But where is the selfconfident son, who treated his father with such rudeness and dishonor ? Scorning his ancestral codes and creeds, which crabs for crabs had planned, and trusting to the original potences of his being, to the "pure innocence" that stands ready within his own breast to "teach him both what to love and fear," — in fine, to the sweet bent of native inclination, he faced his purpose with determined eye, nerved to its utmost tension the strength of youthful zeal, and then — dashed away — away, away ! "How gloriously I'm going," thought he. "While old Fogy is tugging against wind and tide, here, to my sweet surprise, I have both in my favor ; and these, together with my own powers, are carrying me away at a delightful rate.

Oh, bless me, this is pleasant,
A-riding down the stream !"

Thus he sings in the delirium of fancied triumph ; and again, responsive to his poetic teacher he shouts aloud :

"Away with all the codes and creeds,
Which crabs for crabs have planned ;
Himself, whoe'er them oftenest reads,
Will never understand.

"Ah ! these my fate had sadly sealed !—
But now, I'm free, I'M FREE !
And in my own glad heart's revealed
Life's true philosophy !"

And still away, away, away he goes; till at last, his strength exhausted and his delirium hushed to rest, he pauses and makes an observation to determine his latitude and longitude. Well, young crab, the chart and compass of old fogysm has been cast overboard; and now, what will you do? "Do? why, sir, I'll make my own stars. And as for chart, compass and all the other *guessing* apparatus — I more than have them all in this one dear, sweet, infallible guide within me, Pure Innocence." — Well, then, where are you? — "Why! just where any crab should be; here in my own snug shell, to be sure; one that I have made for myself, without any help from codes and creeds, or tradition in any form." — But what is your relative position? Where are you in reference to the rest of the world, past, present, and to come?—"Relative position!—the rest of the world, 'past, present and to come!' Humph! I take care of myself; that's my 'position'; and as for the rest of 'the world, past, present and to come,'—you may take care of it,—or leave it to take care of itself—I reckon it is of age. But as for my single self, I'm *free*; that's *where* I am. *Freedom*, sir, is my latitude and longitude, the world over. I have no codes and creeds,—no chart, or anything of the sort. My own private judgment, sir, is superior to all such cumbersome trash." Young crab, then, is fully out at sea. He has clean escaped beyond all the entangling grass of tradition, and all all the narrow creeks, and coves, and harbors, and gulfs, and bays, and shores, and coasts of obstructing, circumscribing history, which old crabs, and their slavish young ones, have been surveying for so many centuries. But he soon feels that his shell is too narrow; "shrewdly guesses" that this after all is a thing of mere tradition, inherited with his life, and therefore casts it off. Having no refuge in his "soft" and helpless state, he falls a victim to the first hungry passion that approaches, and is gulped down at once and forever. But let us leave crabdom.

Human codes and creeds, as we said, often become perplexing. But the remedy lies not in casting all away, and building again *de novo*. In no case are we to "lay again the foundation," but to "go on unto perfection." Were each man—were each age to build wholly for itself, laying its own foundation, and completing its own superstructure, man would in no case differ from the animal. The son would be a mere repetition of his father, and each generation, of the one before it. Human existence would thus be a perpetual circle, and would know noth-

ing of that spiral progress of history, which is essential to its very being. Codes and creeds are the ancestral mansions of our political and religious life. Civil law and Christian doctrine, are the scientific architecture, the moral and religious bulwarks, the practical homes and temples, wherein, as citizens and christians, we live and move and have our being. They are our nursery in infancy, our dwelling through life, and our sure and calm retreat in the hour of death. Altogether they are that structure of history, that temple of time, wherein we are born; whose columns, as the proper business of our lives, we help to rear, and finally leave as the rightful inheritance of the succeeding generation.* We cannot come into the world, except within the hallowed homes of the past. We cannot, if we would, make our codes and creeds *de novo*, outside of all history and tradition, unless we ourselves are first made *de novo*, from the hands of the Creator, outside of humanity altogether. Chinese tradition, in the form of law and religion, life and history, is the very womb wherein every citizen of the Celestial Empire, is conceived; is the world into which he is born; is the air he breathes and the food he eats; is the sum and substance of every element, social, intellectual and religious, which enters into and forms the structure of his entire being. Otherwise, he would not be a Chinese; but might chance to be a German, an Englishman, a Hottentot—or nothing at all in particular. We must get out of the world before we can get out of tradition. Every nation, every religion, every school of science has its tradition. We may emigrate from land to land, till we have circumnavigated the world of nationalities, schools and religions, yet will tradition be our constant breath, our daily meat and drink. Never can codes and creeds—never can tradition, written or unwritten, be to us a “sealed volume,” or a “closed fountain,” till humanity’s womb, the fountain of our being itself is closed. Our very being, soul and body, is an inheritance, a tradition, something handed down to us and bequeathed from the past. The life and being of a savage tribe, springing among the wildest mountains, only by rolling itself onward through successive generations for centuries, can at last reach the regions of civilization and enlightenment. It is one life, physical, intellectual and spiritual, from beginning to end, from the infant tribe to the

* All who have seen “*Willard’s Temple of Time*,” will doubtless regard the authoress as a Millerite; for the columns of the present century are to complete this “*Temple*,” and of course, end the history of the world.

adult and invincible nation. This life continues to utter and re-utter itself in clearer and still clearer consciousness, as it increases in stature and wisdom, in the individual generations and men, in whom in its onward course it ever reappears. Once in the world, once in the tide of history, choose and change our current as often as we will, still, part and parcel of the general stream we cannot cease to be. The streamlet of our personal history may rush on in advance of our age; may lag behind and rotate on itself in a sluggish eddy by the shore; or may crawl off backwards through some side channel into a creek of hermit life—or, in the high floods of revolution, when history overflows its banks and sweeps, a deluge of desolation, far and wide, it may, as the waters subside, be left far inland and forgotten, a stagnant pool of sad and solitary being. Still, Napoleon on St. Helena, Murat in Florida, exiles in any corner of the world, and emigrants wherever found; the criminal in his dungeon or penal colony, the incarcerated victims of political or religious bigotry, and the scientific anchorite—all and severally need but to be seen, in order to be recognized as drops from this or that particular current of history. The very tinge and breath of their being, proclaim the color and spirit of the specific tradition that has mothered and nurtured them.

Again: whatever is faulty in our codes and creeds, in our traditionary, historic being, can be remedied only by the power of the same life, in its original form, or vivified by a new objective principle, which has brought it into existence. Our natural bodies are the product of our natural life. These bodies from the very first, have in them the latent elements of various diseases. Our life, bodies, and diseases come to us by natural inheritance; and never can we, at any point, throw away our bodies, however diseased and unsuited to our taste and purpose, and manufacture others at our will. The most that we can do, is, by a virtuous, a temperate, sober, industrious, Christian life, to attempt the eradication of disease, the elimination of all its elements, and the full and harmonious development, into strength and beauty, of all the capabilities of our physical being. In no other way can we secure bodily health and freedom. Now, just as surely as our natural life has its natural body, so surely also have our intellectual, our moral, and our spiritual life, each its respective body, in the form of science, code, and creed. These three supersensible bodies, come into existence at the very moment with their

three corresponding forms of supersensible life. The natural soul is formed in the natural body, and the growth of the two is commensurate throughout. So also our moral being is, from the start, formed in the element of law: in law it is incorporated as its proper body: the code and moral life are related as body and soul, and the expansion and development of the latter, is always measured by that of the former. The code of a nation is the sure index of its morality. When constitutional and statute law perish, it is only because morality, its inner soul, has first expired, and then begins the "reign of terror." Again: all our thoughts are born and formed in language. As grows the mind, so grows its expression. The understanding and the reason are respectively embodied in science and philosophy. Where there is no knowledge or language, there idiocy alone prevails. So also the spirit has no actual existence, till it finds utterance in some creed, formal or practical. Our religious life at once embodies itself in our daily actions and worship. No man's life is without object and worship of some sort. His creed will correspond with the object of his worship. He may say he has no creed; and if this be a fact, then has he no spirit. His life then is without object, end or aim. He lives at random, and dies ditto. Now, granting that the code, science, and creed, wherein our moral, intellectual and spiritual life are born, (if born at all,) and embodied, have in them all, many and various elements of imperfection and disease; is it, we ask, within the bounds of human possibility, for men to cast away these bodies of their supersensuous life, and form for themselves others *de novo*, whether perfect or not? Is not the very fancy of such a thing, a perfect absurdity? Were it not just as rational and easy for one to cast off a weak and sickly body, and take to himself a new one, free from these defects?—or even to exchange one sound one for another? One must first forget his mother tongue, roll all his knowledge into oblivion, renounce all law and order, and become dead to every sentiment and feeling, even of natural piety. But granting that one can thus disencumber his supersensuous life of the threefold body which so displeases him; where is he to find the material to construct another of? Can he at all extricate himself out of that wreck of humanity which he has thus ferociously strewn around him? If he builds anew, must it not be out of this very ruin? If the moral, intellectual, and spiritual body wherein it was born, had in it elements of imperfection and disease, how can he expect

to create an immortal, pure, ever-blooming Coëmos, out of that putrifying Chaos of death, which he himself has made? If he is to construct a supersensuous body for his mind, free from error; for his moral being, free from corruption; and for his spirit, free from the elements of death: if he is to embody his inner life in the Good, the Beautiful and the True, in their absolutely holy, immortal and ideal forms; inevitably must he step out of the world altogether; leave behind him all that is human; (and then, pray tell, what would be left of him, unless he should happen to be some god?) and emigrate, or transmigrate into some new world, where error, sin and death have never entered. The fact is, those who are so terribly displeased with the embodiment of their supersensuous life, and are bent on something else, first of all deny and renounce their intellectual, moral, and spiritual, (and oftentimes their natural) parents; godlessly profane their altars and temples, prodigally squander all their treasures of knowledge, and finally clear at a bound, all the bulwarks of their authority and protection. Renouncing thus their entire patrimony, they beggar their minds, join their wills to every harlot passion they meet, and consummate the wreck of their inner life, by a spiritual suicide, which at once and forever disencumbers—or rather disembodies them of all science, code and creed whatever. The result is the bodiless infidel, the dodging rationalist—the ghastly ghost of a demon spirit. Destitute alike of a “local habitation and a name,” no thought can fix it, no law direct it, no shrine of endearment become its hallowed home.

When one has thus disembodied himself of all science, code and creed, or has never been embodied in them, then begins the reign of pure Idealism, which acknowledges no objective world, natural, human, or divine—nothing objective in knowledge, law, or life. Private judgment is all and in all. Hence our poem declares:

“And in thy heart shall be revealed
Life’s true philosophy.”

But this matter of private judgment, is all phantom. Every one is born and brought up in some nation. His very consciousness is some phase of his native nationality. Whenever he utters a political judgment in the hearing of one who is at all acquainted with the “comparative anatomy” of nations, he will be localized at once, even though his speech should not “bewray him.” One may boast that his political opinions are

purely his own; yet does he belie himself the very moment he opens his mouth. He should indeed have his own *individual* opinions, just as much as he has his own physical body. He can no more live in the same mental body with another, than he can occupy in partnership with him the same natural body. The minds of men should be individualized in separate bodies of opinion, just as much as their natural life in natural bodies. If this is all that is meant by private judgment, well and good. But it is not. Our natural bodies, though individual, still possess a generic type and character, derived to us from humanity in general through our immediate parents. Such also must inevitably be the case with our mental embodiment. We derive our opinions, or at least the elements of them, from that general stock of knowledge—of thought, sentiment and feeling, in the midst of which we are reared. Thus our mental body is first shaped and formed in our mother's arms, in our homes, and then in the community around us, in the social, political, and religious spheres wherein we move, in the schools we attend and the studies we pursue. Every new teacher, book, study, or occupation—every new companion, scene and relation, contributes new material, or even a new objective element to our intellectual formation, to our mental habit and dress, and to that scope and horizon of thought, wherein, as rational creatures, we live, move, and have our being. We may indeed accept or reject any of the elements of knowledge, virtue and life which are presented to us, and thus individualize and embody our minds and spirits, in the type of any particular life, good, bad, or indifferent, which we may happen to fancy. Yet out of and beyond all forms of specific life, which have come down to us from former generations, we cannot get. We may leap the enclosures of as many forms of consciousness as we please; we may, O. A. Brownson like, pass through or peep into every region of science, every kingdom of law, and every creed and communion; yet for all this can we never reach a position out of and beyond every sphere of traditionary life and history. This can be done only by leaping the bounds of time itself, expatriating ourselves from the whole world, and transmigrating out of humanity into some other form of being.—But even this other form of being would be a traditionary one; so that absolute independency and privacy of judgment would still be unattained. Private judgment is merely a claim of the individual to be free from the specific or even general type of being out

of which it has originated, and to which it owes, by the very constitution of its being, an everlasting allegiance. In this relation, piously acknowledged and honored, does the freedom, happiness, and very being of the individual hold. "The branch cannot bear fruit," or even live, "except it abide in the vine." The claim of private judgment, is not that of proper individualization of mind, which is the very course and form of history, but of absolute independency of being, which is impossible.

Yet often have we heard the subjects of Puritan or Presbyterian tradition, with all its fetters clanking about them at every movement of the mind, while occupying the bench as they supposed, in the court of private judgment, pronounce the most terrible sentences against the prisoner at their bar, the fancied culprit of tradition. Now, all the good and orderly people of the land and world, scholars, christians and patriots, are educating their children in that particular tradition, scientific, political and religious, wherein they themselves have their continual existence; and if at any time they condemn tradition, it is only one form of the same thing, arraying itself against another. When any one, in the fancied exercise of private judgment, declaims against the right of the past to rule the present in any respect, he is for the time being merely the spokesman and voice of that particular craft of tradition, which with others is making its voyage down the stream of time. Far wiser and better would it be, were these various ships of tradition, these vessels of particular history, instead of perpetually firing into each other with the wrathful cannon of private judgment, to cast these guns overboard, and move forward together in the fraternal bonds of one united fleet. In the broad bonds of such authority alone, can men escape the narrowness of sectarian and party tradition, and find that ample freedom and security, for which, only in a suicidal way, they are now so earnestly contending. Private judgment is nothing more nor less than the selfish, cruel, angry arms of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, often wielded with terrible effect by those who claim, as the scope of their lives, the whole broad ocean of history. Private judgment is the Ishmael enemy of all order and love—it is the very cannon and sword, the bowie knife and revolver of the pirate and robber of rationalism. Trusting to this as his invincible weapons of attack and defence, the child violates the fifth commandment in all the length and breadth of its vast significance. He

wanders from tradition to tradition, and leaps from craft to craft, till at last giddy, he misses his aim, and is mentally, morally and spiritually lost overboard, and perishes, long before half his voyage to eternity is completed. Private judgment, if it have any meaning at all in the current literature of the day, is the very soul and watchword of rationalism—of infidelity, under whatever name and cloak it may pass, in science, morals or religion. This impudent teacher, claiming to be the great prophet of the age, steps about among us in "calf" and "gilt;" and with head erect, walks into our homes and churches, and offers its strange unhallowed fire on our public and private altars. No hearth so sacred, no shrine so awful, as to check for a moment, the lear of its lecherous eye, and the bony movement of its audacious hand. It bewitches the mind of the mother, the priestess and charmer of home, and bewilders the hoary head, that ministers in our holy religion. The insidious poison works, till both priest and priestess rave with madness. Both forget all reverence alike for the human and the divine. Science with its light and joy, the code with its order and peace, and the creed with its faith and comfort, are driven into exile. The child is the lord at home, and self is the idol at church. The rein is thrown upon the neck of the world, and the rider, private judgment, is giddily dashed along, whither whim, caprice, and passion may take him. Schools, capitols and churches, are demolished, and the Prophet, Prince and Priest are assassinated. All the structures of antiquity are razed, and home, the hallowed, happy home, reared by the hand of God himself, is polluted to the ground. The fountains of the great social deep are broken up, and one deluge of anarchy "tumbles round the world."

But let us look into this matter a little more carefully. Our present text still is,

"And in thy heart shall be revealed,
Life's true philosophy."

Now, every actual existence is the product and outbirth of two polar and creative factors. In every case there must be a generating object, and a conceiving subject. Every form of being has its parents. Father and mother are the elementary, the constitutional and historic factors in every kingdom, material, vegetable, animal and human. The objective element supplies the internal soul and life, and the subjective, the external form and body. Light is the objective *anima mundi*,

or soul of the world, and mere matter is the subjective womb which has conceived, embodied and brought it forth.—(The elementary or constituent factors of light, are the calorific, the colorific and the electric, magnetic or chemical rays, as demonstrated through the spectrum. All of these, in a true and proper triunity, are embodied in matter, and may at any time be evoked out of it. On this point, however, we cannot now enlarge.)—The mere material world is the matrix of the vegetable kingdom; and these two are the matrix of the animal kingdom; and these three, or all nature as itself a triunity, is the matrix of the human; and the whole world itself, as thus concentrated in the human, is the matrix of the divine. Each of these eras of historic development, had to grow and mature, and thus reach its "fulness of time," before it became the bride of a higher objective life, and impregnated and vivified therefrom, gave birth to a nobler form of being. But subject and object not only flow together in the formation, or constitution of generic and individual being, but also ever afterwards continue this process of interflowing, interpenetrating, or of mutual permeation; until the existence of the genus or individual is filled up and perfected. The act in the outset is that of creation, and the after process gives us the true idea of history.

Now, we know that the Kantian dictum of *principle* and *condition*, has become a favorite distinction in almost all modern thinking. This, however much service it may have rendered to philosophy and truth, we now firmly believe to be nothing more nor less than the disguised handmaid of rationalism. Under the guidance of this distinction, the *principle* which is first conditioned in matter, namely, the "soul of the world," may easily be developed and conducted upwards, through a series of conditions, as in the "*Vestiges of Creation*," until it effloresces in the human. Or we may take the human as the principle and all else as the condition. The soul then is the principle and germ, out of whose *native* potences, conditioned by the natural and the divine, the future man is entirely developed. This disallows the Incarnation, or the introduction into the human, by a true generative process, of an objective divine life, which originally and constitutionally it did not possess. Moreover, in the matter of knowledge, the mind is maintained to have native in it, the ideal and perfect germs of all actual truth. These latent potences, without a vivifying object, are revealed by certain conditions. This ultimately

nullifies the objective world, natural, human and divine, evolves everything—constructs even the universe out of the “subjective reason,” and thus leaves nothing that is real and lasting, save the pure ideal. All else is its transient shadow. But we have neither space nor time to follow this further just now.

This subjective idealism is the sum and substance of our present text, “And in thy *heart* shall be revealed, life’s true philosophy.” This is to be done without the presence of any object whatever; no external condition, even, is needed, in the case. The sweet mystery of life is to be closely caged within the heart. It is to perch itself there as a bird full-formed and fledged, dropped directly from heaven into the world, without the intervention of any previous race of birds. It is there, out of the subjective resources of its own being, to develop, perfect and enjoy its darling self. The complacency of “pure innocence,” is to be its heaven. Now, all this is absolute fancy. People may call it poetry if they choose, but we call it unmitigated lie. Sad is the scene here presented. Thus have we seen the female Canary, caged and shut in from her objective world. Sorrowful, in the glad spring time, she built no nest; but dropped her unvivified eggs in her cage, and eyed them with a breaking heart; for when they should have opened and filled her cage with joyous fledglings, they exploded and filled it with a stench. If this be “life’s true philosophy,” better had it been for us all, had we never been born. The fact is, the subjective potences of our being, cloistered from the objective world, natural, human, or divine, will result in subjective, unvivified fancies, which, instead of producing the tuneful joys of actual life, will rot away into inevitable ruin. The subjective potences of our being, are merely the womb and mother, which have it in their power to conceive, embody and bring forth the light of truth, the beauty of holiness, and the bliss of life and immortality. But this they can never do, till bound in the bonds of holy wedlock, to their respective forms of creative, vivifying, objective life. The unity of subject and object alone, can give us in actual existence, the blessed forms of the good, the beautiful and the true.

The spiritual element in the human, is the true and proper bride of the divine. Our world, in none of its inferior eras, mineral, vegetable, or animal, could conceive, apprehend, utter and reveal it. This could be done by the human alone. The human, therefore, from its very infancy, was espoused to the divine, and when of age, its nuptials were actualized in the in-

carnation, and celebrated on the plains of Bethlehem, in that song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men." But between the espousals and nuptials, the human played the harlot, in countless forms of idolatry. It would not abide by the marriage contract, entered into on the part of God as its father, and of nature as its mother, wherein it was stipulated that it should grow up under their fostering care, and at the proper time become the chaste bride of the blessed Spirit. God and nature, in the very generation and conception of the human, had poured together and formed the constitutional and triunal elements of the very being of their offspring. These were, first, "the Life," as its objective, vivifying factor, which was to reveal itself in creed, reverence and worship; secondly, "the Way," as its subjective, embodying factor, which was to form and express itself, its being and action, in conscientious order, code and law; and thirdly, these were to find their perfection, their proper effulgence and glory, in wisdom and true knowledge, in science and philosophy, in the dazzling splendors and ineffable bliss of assured and conscious "truth." But by no such previous creed, code and science, though inherited as the constituent and germinal elements of its being, was the human willing to be bound. Consequently it broke away from all faith in its Father, and from all obedience to the law of its mother, took the management of its existence into its own hands, plunged away into disbelief—into ignorance, crime and death—into dismal darkness,

And in its heart was sad revealed

Life's deepest misery.

It gazed into the stagnant pool of private judgment, "leaped at stars, and fastened in the mire."

The only remedy in this misery—the only remedy for imperfection and error in the science, code and creed, wherein humanity in its historic progress embodies its inner, supersensuous life, is to look to the absolute physician of our nature, whose sovereign cure and vital elixir, is, to generate within it the principle of a new objective life, which, in its growth and development, will swallow up all previous death, crime and ignorance, and restore, in more than pristine vigor, the bliss of life, the beauty of holiness, and the radiant glory of truth.

This *process* of the Christian salvation, is by no means an anomaly. The divine is the generating object, the human is the conceiving subject, and the outbirth is the actual christian.

But we have said that man, in the constitution of his being, in his original and elementary factor, has God for his father, and nature for his mother. But this unity of the natural and the divine in the constitution of the human, yields merely the subjective side of a new and higher order of created being. In this form, man's existence is incomplete. His state is that of the undeveloped and unconscious subject. At once, however, subject and object, the universe within and the universe without, the Microcosm and the Megacosm, are espoused to each other, and the unity of external body and form and of internal substance and life, the unity of heart and mind, of thought and affection, is begun in the very infancy of being. Man and the universe are children together, they grow up together, and in their communion, their very being flows together, into the continuous fact of history. Hope unrolls the scroll of the future, memory rolls and treasures up the past, while thought and affection with united voices and enraptured heart, chant the line of the living present. Thus the physical, intellectual and spiritual nature of man, verges towards puberty, and accomplishes its fullness of time. When these successive eras are fulfilled, man comes to know nature, God and self objectively. This knowledge, however, is secured by the subject, only by becoming married, (in the only true and proper sense of that term,) successively to these three forms of the objective universe. When the human is thus lawfully and truly wedded; first, nature, both in the unity and in the multiplicity of its forms, generates itself in the conceiving subject, and the out-birth in the case, is natural consciousness or a knowledge of nature in its individual and generic forms. Thus the human in its elementary constitution, receives the subjective factor of nature; and in its history, the objective one; so that in this unity of subject and object, which *mutually condition each other*, the natural man is completed in the actual fact and birth of world-consciousness. But before *self-consciousness* can have place, the human must become an object to itself. To this end, (corresponding to a like fact in the material, vegetable and animal kingdoms,) the human polarizes itself naturally and socially into the two sexes; spiritually and morally into Church and State; and for the purposes of intelligence and education, into reason and understanding, imagination and fancy. When the human is married to the first form of its objective self, we have home, with all its relations, yielding us innumerable joys; when wedded as Church and State,—(polar institutions which

are constitutional in humanity, and have therefore as truly as husband and wife, been "joined together" by God himself, and by man may never be "put asunder," without the most ruinous consequences, some of which, in our own country, are already showing themselves in truly alarming forms—polar institutions, whose historic relation thus far, has been an unhappy one, either the State acting the Xantippe, or the Church the Hildebrand, and have therefore yet to learn how to cherish each other in mutual affection,)—when wedded as Church and State, we say, each, dutifully and unmolestedly discharging the duties of its own sphere, the legitimate outbirth is the school; and this, receiving its body and support from the State as its mother, and its life and spirit from the Church as its father, both develops all the scientific interests of its sphere, and educates us for all the natural, intellectual and spiritual destinies of our being. When the polar factors of intelligence are joined in true wedlock, reason and understanding give us science and philosophy; and imagination and fancy rear for us the lovely progeny of the arts. This analysis and synthesis, or polarization and reunion of the elemental factors of the human, might be made commensurate with all the interests and phenomena in its broad constitution and almost boundless history.

But the highest and happiest wedding day for the human, is its nuptials with the blessed Spirit. In its original constitution it inherited the subjective factor of the divine; and now in this higher transaction it receives the objective element of the same; thus is it emphatically "made a partaker of the divine nature." Here man attains a spiritual consciousness; and as natural and self-consciousness have their historic era, so also has this; and the historic process in this case, is called sanctification.

We therefore thus see, that the *process* of the Christian salvation, is no anomaly—no contrivance for a special emergency; but constitutes in reality the most critical and eventful period of man's history; a period contemplated from the beginning, and begun and carried forward under the guidance of the very same law of life, which begins and consummates the other two periods of his natural and intellectual development. But these three departments of human history, do not occur in succession, nor yet simply run parallel with each other; but from the beginning have their being vitally in each other, and in their process and progress, permeate each other throughout.

That, however, which is natural, is matured and married first; then that which is spiritual; and finally the intellectual. The first of these reached its *constitutional* completion in Eden; the second, in the incarnation; and that of the third, we apprehend, is yet to come. When or how it will take place, we know not; but may, without irreverence, fancy the millenium to be the time, and the manner to be included in the personal reign of the Logos or Word, in whom alone "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Then, when the two periods of nature and of grace have sufficiently perfected their *history*, may we hope that human thought also, will be mature, and the subjective mind will become wedded to the objective truth. They are indeed already, and have long since been, betrothed to each other; but then will they celebrate their nuptials; and the bride, fully redeemed from death and hell, purged of all sin and sorrow, and recovered from all error and "*darkness*," will truly become "*light* in the Lord;" and her person be irradiated with the same splendor and glory, that beamed from the personal Logos on the mount of transfiguration.

Now, in all this scheme, we have no one of the three fundamental philosophies, separately considered, Empiricism, Idealism, and Mysticism, which make up the spectrum of the world's thinking; nor yet any one or number of the countless shades of speculation which glimmer out between them. It is, as we humbly believe, the pure and undivided light itself. Empiricism and Mysticism, both alike, only in opposite extremes, disallow in man everything like a subjective and conceptive factor. The first allows man to be just what the objective, embodied in the natural universe, is pleased to make him, by daguerotyping itself upon his blank being, through the lense and medium of sense. The second looks on man as the same absolute passivity, set for a daguerotype of the divine through the eye and glass of faith. This seems to have reached its climax practically, in the doctrine of absolute decrees. Empiricism and Mysticism thus give two forms of fatalism, natural and spiritual. On the contrary, Idealism virtually nullifies the objective universe, and develops all things out of the subjective and original potences of the human. Man is thus at once the only God and the only nature that can be found. Kant, with his distinction of principle and condition, forked his philosophy into an irreconcilable dualism. He could in his own way make out a development of the original constitution

of the human, the principle ever devouring its conditions and leaving itself self-supported, solitary and alone; but when he came to Christianity, being alike unable and unwilling to disallow its historic character, he had to resort, for its defence, to an altogether different mode of tactics, in his notions of practical life. He could find no philosophy of Christianity, which should be identical in its principle with philosophy in its universal and absolute sense. In the scheme here presented, however, this end is gained. One thread leads us through the entire maze of the universe; one compass enables us to navigate every sea, and to traverse every continent of human interest; our polar factors ever keep us steady in our course. The most intense and sleepless watchfulness, is indeed demanded, alike in order to make rigid observations, and to hold a steady helm. If at any time we swerve from the direct line of fact and truth, the fault is ours, and not that of our compass.

We may also observe that we here have no opposition of purely positive and negative factors; of existence and non-existence; of a Yes and a No, posted diametrically against each other, and apparently bent on each other's annihilation—but in the collision and conflict of actual life, astoundingly carried from their respective positions, and reconciled in a third position of oneness and peace. But we have being ever polarizing itself constitutionally into subject and object, (which are mutually conditional, and complementary to each other,) and these again reunited in the glorious outbirth and child of actual history. Here then, we have the longings of the heart, the fancies of the mind, and the visions of the spirit, all vivified and blessed, all quickened into life, all actualized and experienced, in the happy history of our transient days: and all this, simply by having these subjective potences of our being, all impregnated and filled by the generating and creative energies and ever-abiding presence of their respective objects. Here then we have, living and substantial, and in legitimate form, all the smiling, happy, countless progeny of the good, the beautiful and the true. All that is virtuous in action, glorious in thought, and blissful in existence, is ours. Here in this universal order of science, code and creed; in this faithful wedlock of loving subject and life-giving object; and in the long, long history of their happy offspring, alone is found "life's true philosophy." "Seal the volume" of authority; "close the fountain" of objective life; wholly exclude the outward

universe, natural, human and divine ; cloister the subject within her own heart ; veil her eye in inward thought ; and her being indeed may bud and bloom, but only to wither away into the joyless old maid, and the sad wrinkles of morbid sentimentality—or perchance she may run the reckless career of the harlot of private judgment, in utter scorn of wedded life, of a husband and a happy home. From either—from both of these catastrophes, “good Lord, deliver us.”

But it is time to proceed with our poem. Having “revealed life’s true philosophy in the heart” of its subject, without the presence of any vivifying object, human or divine, it thus flatteringly continues its address :

“ Thus should it be ; for thou art one
Round whom the enlightening ray
Of nature’s outward, glorious sun,
Will freely sport and play.

“ And the unchartered breeze, that sweeps
Thy native valley fair,
Will dry the tears thy young eye weeps,
And wave thy flowing hair.

“ Then be a child of nature’s school,
Her silent teachings trace ;
And she shall fit thee for the rule
Of holy, heavenly grace.

“ For they are still the truly wise,
Who earliest learn to look
On earth’s best charms, on sun and skies,
As wisdom’s open book.

“ There may thy dawning reason read
Instruction line by line ;
And guileless thought, and virtuous deed,
In life’s first bloom be thine.

“ Thus taught, nor art, nor base deceit
Shall mar thy opening youth ;
Thy heart with healthful hopes shall beat,
Thy tongue be tuned to truth.

“ And when through childhood’s paths of flowers,
Thy infant steps have trod,
Thy soul shall be, in after hours,
Prepared to learn of God,

"His Spirit, placed within thy heart,
 Shall fill it from above;
 With grace to act a Christian's part,
 And keep it pure by love.

"And thou shalt find in every stage
 Of ripening soul and sense,
 That virtue's guard, in youth, in age,
 Is holy innocence!"

Such "innocence," is *in-no-sense* "holy;" for innocence is a mere negative quality, not harmful, doing no injury; but holiness is positive goodness, wherein slumbers no latent germ of sin; in it the elements—the life and soul of absolute righteousness, alone are found. Not that subjective, inactive, "innocence," therefore, but this objective, active holiness, in the form of "grace," is our "guard in every stage of ripening soul and sense." But let us take our poem forwards. The first stanza just quoted, seems to make the "enlightening ray" of the natural sun, instead of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, to be the objective Word, wherein are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. The mind of the child, withdrawn from all instruction, human and divine, is to be "enlightened," vivified and kindled by a "ray" from the natural sun. The sun then, is to perform the office of prophet in our world, of teacher in all departments of knowledge; under his "enlightening ray," all the potences of the mind are to be developed. Our children are to scorn their homes and play truant from the schools we have provided for them, and all betake themselves to the universally "free school" of the natural sun, and when sufficiently educated here, are to be graduated into the high school taught by God himself, as intimated in a subsequent stanza.

But the next stanza finds in the "breeze that sweeps its native valley," that spirit and comforter, which is to soothe and sustain the child, when overtaken by sorrow and affliction. A human spirit, taught to repose for consolation, on the passing wind! All its supersensuous miseries, which the "code and creed" of a mother's fond affection are forbidden to approach, are to be dried up and blown away by a breath of air! All its griefs, so sacred as to be polluted by the warm sympathy of a mother's heaving bosom, and the anxious gaze of a father's tender love, must find relief in the spirit of its "native valley fair!" A child thus exhorted to forsake the code and creed of home, the love of its mother, and the faith of its father—

er, and to roam unguided with the companion breezes of the field! There lurk, alas! the wolf's jaws, and the viper's fang!

But the delirium of the poem plunges on. It urges the child away from all catechetical and scripture teachings at home and in the Church; from all instructions in the school; and even from all books whatever, and bids it become a pupil in the mute school of nature alone. The natural heavens and earth are "wisdom's open book." Here, unaided and "without a teacher," its self-evolving, "dawning reason is to read instruction line by line." Here, away from God and man, its life is to bloom in "guileless thought and virtuous deed; it is never to tell or act a lie, and its heart is to beat with healthful hopes." Never before did we learn that natural knowledge was included in the category of wisdom. We have heard of wise *men*, of the wisdom of *God*; but never before did we hear that this treasure was monopolized by nature alone; and that solely by her "silent teachings," with "earth, sun and skies as her open books," we are to learn to be "truly wise." Moreover, we always supposed that the "guileless thought," the "virtuous deed," the "healthful hope," and the "truthful word," were things to be found and practiced only in our actual life and dealings with God and each other. Never before did we know that guilelessness, virtue, hope and truth, predicates of nothing below the human, were to be derived from nature and practiced in her sphere. What is simply natural, can never become the moral, the rational, and the spiritual; and to think of acquiring these in the school of nature, so as to make them available in our after days and intercourse in human society, is paralleled only by that stolidity, which refuses to breast the feeblest wave of actual life—"till it has first learned to swim."

Our poet would have this child to be the pupil of nature only, without any human code or creed; and yet does himself disregard this order, by furnishing it, at the very door of life, with an outfit of his own code and creed, namely, that man cannot educate the child for human life, nor God hardly for divine life. All this must be acquired in the previous school of nature. When all has been developed out of its own "pure innocence," then is it "prepared to learn of God" direct. No Church, with its means of grace, no human intervention in any shape, is needed. The Spirit of God comes straight down from above, and "fills its heart with grace to act a Christian's part, and keep it pure by love." But this is not the Christian

salvation; no, no; the Spirit is merely "placed within the heart," and lodged there for a season; it works no change there; it does not vivify it with an objective divine life, a new and glorious element, whose law is in itself, and is the very essence of freedom; no, none of this; but it seems merely to guide it, as the rider does the horse, in the way of purity and love, while still the impelling principle throughout, is native, self-moving, "holy innocence."

But even granting that the author has in view the Christian salvation in some sense; still, this is not a salvation for the *child*, the *infant*. It does not become available till the youth has graduated from the school of nature. Should death step in at any point between birth and the egress from "childhood's paths of flowers," we are not informed what would be the fate of the subject; but are left to infer, that on the ground of its "pure innocence," the soul of the infant would be admitted into the abodes of the blessed—that is, if there be any such thing as an hereafter; for nothing that is expressed in the poem presupposes or requires any immortality at all. But for one, we can find no such thing as Christianity in this poem. There are in it indeed a few words from the Christian glossary, but only as these may be "jewels in a swine's snout." Nature, by her "silent teachings," is to "fit the child for the rule of holy, heavenly grace;" then is it "prepared to learn of God;" his "Spirit fills its heart with grace to act a Christian's part, and keep it pure by love;" but after all this is done, the child is still to look within, and, among the original potences of its being, "find that virtue's guard, in youth, in age, is holy innocence." Thus, no Jesus, no Savior is needed, and consequently none is even alluded to. Even the "teachings" of nature, have no objective value; impart no new element to the being of the child; but are mere conditions for the development of original powers and possibilities. Grace, also, is included in the same category, and is a mere condition—not itself that new and vital element which is our only sufficient guard and guide from the cradle to the grave. But even man is not to train up and educate his own offspring; the State, the School, and the Church, are to have nothing to do with them; but as soon as they are born, they are to run way into the school of nature; she by her "silent teachings," (we presume then, that nature keeps a "quiet school,") is to "fit them for the rule of holy, heavenly grace," and then to pass them to the higher department, where they are to "learn of God" himself.

For this attendance in the presence of God, they have, of course, been "prepared" by nature. There is no need of any reverence or fear in their case; but on the ground of their own "holy innocence," are entitled to rush boldly in, "where angels bashful look." There is no need of any "Mediator," any Moses or Christ, to stand between them and Sinai on the one side, and the Cross on the other. No, they are their own Moses, and their own Christ, "prepared by the silent teachings" of nature, for the immediate presence, teaching, and communion of God. Thus are they able "to act the Christian's part,"—not because they have been "baptized into Christ,"—O, no; not that at all. They are to be called "Christian," but not from Christ, as "Jesus," or Anointed Saviour, Prophet, Priest, and King; not this; for they need no salvation, but are good of themselves, through their own inherent "holy innocence."

But though the author addresses the infant in such glowing eloquence, yet has he himself not one particle of faith in a single word he has uttered. He modestly *says* it is all good for nothing—and yet has a complacent *thought* that it may be something, notwithstanding. Hear him:

"Farewell! I dare not hope that prayer
Of mine can prove of worth;
Yet *this* may not disperse in air,
Since thou hast given it birth."

Verily, this is most charming modesty! His *prayer* is of no worth—or at least he "dare not hope" it is; and yet his *verses*, wherein that prayer is expressed, "may not disperse in air," but become of vast account, both to the child and to its parents, thus:

"Oh, for thy sake! and theirs no less,
Who on thy being build!
May the warm hopes these lines express,
In mercy be fulfilled."

Here, again, in his very last words, the author betrays no symptoms of Christianity. He does not "ask and offer all in the name of Jesus," in whose name alone we are encouraged to pray, (and perhaps for this very reason, the author is sadly conscious of the worthlessness of his prayer,) but it is all and solely for the sake of the child itself and its parents. All that we do, as the subjects of his salvation, should be for the sake of Christ; while all that he does, is of mere grace, and for our sakes.

This little poem may itself be of little note ; but all the poems which are treasured with it into "*Affection's Gift*," seem to be of the same general Rationalistic type and tendency. And not only so, but nearly all the literature which flows from the gushing fountain of the press, and is bottled "for the million," at this fashionable mental watering place, is strongly impregnated with the same insidious poison. An analysis of one little bottle should suffice.

We will now redeem our pledge, and ask the reader first to read over the above poem connectedly, and then peruse the version, how much soever blemished it may be, wherewith we now close this article.

VERSES TO AN INFANT.

Be all this blessing thine, dear one :

*The Father's tender Love,
The grace of Christ his only Son,
And Comfort of the Dove.*

Baptised in this, not vain the prayer
For heavenly bliss for thee ;
Though sin and sorrow thou must share,
Yet Christ thy hope shall be.

The graceless sinner's doom thou'lt miss :
For in the Church thou'lt grow,
A pleasant plant with Christian fruit,
Unstung by mortal woe.

May that sweet innocence, which now
Lights up thine infant eye,
Be changed t' a halo round thy brow,
Of holy living, ere thou die.

Born not alone of flesh and blood,
But of the Spirit, too,
With Living Manna for thy food,
The truth alone thou'lt do.

In all the Church's codes and creeds,
Breathed by her saintly band,
Is what, who'er believes and reads,
Will wisdom understand.

They are the waters deep and clear,
From God's own Word that flow ;

Here freely drink, for strength and cheer,
And in true knowledge grow.

For God's thy Father, and the Church
Thy nursing Mother true;
Their words in honor deeply search,
And learn their will to do.

Then, while glad Nature's glorious sun,
Pours forth its living ray,
'T will light a temple, reared and done,
Where God will hear thee pray.

The breeze, thy guardian angel's breath,
Will waft thy sighs on high;
Will bear thy tears to Him who saith,
I'll hear my children's cry.

Thus here in Nature's infant school,
The elements of Grace,
Interpreted by Christian rule,
Thou'lt early learn to trace.

For they are still the truly wise,
Who earliest learn to see
Their Father's love in earth and skies,
In bird, and brook, and tree.

Herein the dawning reason reads
God's mercy to mankind,
And learns to imitate his deeds,
With gentle hand and mind.

Thus, when through childhood's flowery path,
Thy bounding steps have fled,
Thou wilt not fear thy Father's wrath,
Though flowers are round thee dead.

His Spirit and the Church will then,
Conduct thee higher still,
To schools, where meek and earnest men
Suffer and do his will.

And here thou'lt find, in this dread stage
Of Truth and Error's strife,
That Grace alone can keep thine age,
To everlasting life.

When here thy task thou 'st fully learned,
And said it, too, in word and deed,
Thy fair diploma, faithful earned,
The Judge aloud will read.

"Here to thy life we set our seal,
The Father, Spirit, Son ;
Enter forever to our weal ;
Thou servant, child, well done !"

Farewell !—And sure shall be this prayer,
Of patriarchal worth ;
'Tis no mere breath of empty air,
This blessing on thy birth.

IN JESUS' NAME, for thee, for those,
Who on thy being build,
These hopes shall rest in sure repose,
That all will be fulfilled.

A. J. M. H.

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ART. VII.—REFLECTIONS ON THE HISTORY OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

ALL human institutions and establishments, however complicated may be their structure ; all forms and externalizations of thought, however diversified may be their character, resolve themselves finally into a few simple elementary principles.

The elements of human greatness and perfection are neither many nor obscure.

Humanity even in the lowest stages of civilization, or the last extremes of degraded barbarism, carries within itself, in an inactive undeveloped form, the germs of those splendid endeavors, and those dazzling results, which like polished jewels, sparkle on the bosom of the most refined and enlightened civilization.

The elements of man's improvement and greatness lie not around him. Men become great and enlightened not by putting energies, elements, or ideas into the soul. These are all

there already, and the universal and eternal laws of progress and development unfold them slowly it may be, but surely and majestically.

Whatever then of rare or wonderful in moral or political science there be, whatever of beautiful or useful in art exists, has struggled up from rudeness to perfection, has its history which may be written and read.

We propose, therefore, in a very general way, to trace the progress and development of that thought or idea, which gives character to and presides with so much efficiency over, the complex and diversified interests of our own country, and has lately displayed its forces under so many astounding and apparently discordant aspects in Europe.

We propose to point to the origin and follow up the various fortunes of this idea from its rude and earliest manifestations in Europe. When unconscious of its own meaning or existence, it is found battling with its own errors and excesses or encountering the less formidable, but still powerful displays of the spirit of despotism, on through some of the vicissitudes of its history, as purified by the ordeal of a constant and bitter warfare, it rises clearer and brighter over the face of civilization, until, in our own day, unobscured by the clouds of despotism and unmoved by the storms of passion, it gathers a rich aureola of light around the youthful brow of our own country, and bends like the bow of promise over the dark turbulence of European life.

For civil liberty, like every other system, has its history, or rather the thought or sentiment that vitalizes that system, has its history—has moved on through ages of mutation and revolution ever developing some phase or form of its meaning, never losing its distinguishing character.

The sentiment of personal freedom,—the beating heart of civil liberty—is an universal and primary principle of man's nature.

In all stages of civilization, in every form and description of political society, that sentiment has ever been present, displaying its forces in some form. Ever urging men forward to exertions of personal energy, high resolves, and brilliant execution, which the language of no other sentiment has the power to evoke.

Rejecting the claims, and scorning the control of all outward or external appliances, it points the man to that which is within him, and there amid the treasures of his own capa-

bilities, discloses the intelligence that is to direct him, and the energy that is to sustain him, amid the perils and toils of life.

Recoiling from the support and touch of all external rule and authority, in its lone desertion it calls up to its support, the mental energies that lie inactive there, and braces resolution with that unfaltering self-reliance, and those unflinching ardors which are the proud and lofty harbingers of all that is great and successful in action.

It nerves the mind with that iron energy that breaks through the meshes of external, objective authority, and is ever warring with the tyranny of circumstance and accident.

But profound and universal sentiment as it is, it has ever been met and modified by an opposing principle, that reposes in objective, outward power, that guidance and control which is early felt to be a want, a necessity of our nature.

There is a weakness, perhaps an amiable weakness in humanity, that is ever distrusting the untried powers and capabilities within, and seeks around, and without, for some powers on which to repose those interests, and that destiny, which the relations of life suggest. The one seeks within for the rules of conduct, and the principles of action, the other looks without and around for the land-marks of action; the one stands shivering on the banks of life appalled with the fury of the elements, which bid the other emulate the strength and power of the strife that rages before it.

The one is an exclusive reliance on private will and judgment, the other an unfaltering faith in the sufficiency of established *objective* authority.

The one is the mother of anarchy, the other the forge of despotic manacles.

The one is, under proper restrictions, the principle of *freedom*, the other is ever the principle of despotism.

Between these two opposing and antagonistic principles, there has ever been a stern and steady struggle, and ever will be, until in the convulsions of history is solved the problem of reconciling the claims of objective authority, and the demands of subjective law,—of harmonizing the claims of government or society, and the rights of the individual.

A casual glance at history will reveal how these two antagonistic principles have ever been actively at work—closely joined in conflict in every form of government, and in every condition of society. There may indeed be found here and

there a people who have reposed their individual and national destinies and interests, exclusively on the arm of despotic power without one struggle ; others in which the transition from unrestricted despotism, to the milder forms of monarchy, or vice versa, has been so gradual as to leave scarcely a trace of the struggle.

But the history of the world is full of the encounter. Some of its most sanguinary pages are crimsoned with the blood of this very conflict.

Every page discloses alike the struggle, and the approach to a harmony between these conflicting tendencies.

It may be but a mere fancy, it may be extracting a strange meaning from, and applying a singular and visionary test to historic data, but there does seem to be something in that early and familiar conflict, when two continents seemed to struggle for the mastery, when Persian and Grecian banners confronted each other at Marathon, that bears a resemblance to an issue between these two primary principles. Persia, the representative of despotism ; Greece, the embodiment of all men then knew of self-government.

Persian soldiers fighting and dying at the bid of their monarch. Grecian citizens periling life for their laws, their separate individual liberties.

So too, when subsequently Macedon grew pale before the proud attitude of Athens, when Demosthenes, the embodiment of Athenian genius and spirit, speaking out of himself the high thoughts and sentiments of his countrymen, poured the ardors of a dauntless democratic soul, over the outrages of right, and the violations of law, and awoke the slumbering energies of personal freedom by describing the gloomy terrors of despotism, here too rises in nobler view, and in truer form the antagonism which has just been hinted at. There, in Greece, was the first nationalized expression of individual freedom,—the first general form of personal independence—the first externalization of inward law, the first attempt of a people to harmonize the principles of private reason with the claims of authority ; and the history of that single trial, that first attempt, crowned as it is with at once the most beautiful displays and enduring examples of mental development, is but an epitome of the grand result that attends the history of the idea through all its subsequent trials and struggles.

To linger amid these monuments of intellect, at whose base

genius has ever thrown the offerings of its deference, and whose summits still catch the sunlight of the world's wonder and admiration whilst the darkness of the tomb shrouds the nationality they ennobled ; to pause amid these, and trace the connection between each bold conception, each brilliant execution and each wonderful exertion, and the unrestricted freedom under whose auspices they sprang into being, would be to reveal the philosophy of a fact, which is apparent the moment we have a clear conception of the nature of civil liberty ; and would be wholly foreign to the purpose in view.

Freedom, triumphant in Greece against foreign opposition, was doomed to a more melancholy fate, and finally perished in the conflict with that opposition which we have before suggested, and which, as we shall see, has ever been its most fatal enemy.

For though the individual participated largely and directly in enacting and giving color to laws that were to govern him in his individual action, and in his social relations, the suggestions of personal liberty were soon lost amid the fulsome flatteries and dangerous attributes bestowed upon the *State* ; and the feeble exertions of the lone *man* to enforce his rights, were swept away by the powerful arm of *majorities*, as it asserted its plausible but fatal claims to absolute supremacy. Society, under the miserable pretence of protection to herself, presented the poisoned chalice to the lips of one, whose thoughts still rest like a beautiful diadem on Grecian history, and whose memory immortalizes the very hand that would have blotted it out forever.

The spirit of despotism had prevailed. The equality of rights was unknown ; the *man* was lost ; his individuality swallowed up in the state, civil liberty had fallen, and the little of personal freedom that still survived, soon shrank, and cowered before the victorious sword of the Roman soldier.

The stern features that looked from the eternal city, were graven on the world, and before that haughty glance, the spirit of personal independence shrank as from the touch of death. There was no civil liberty under the Roman Empire. Laws indeed there were, *written law*, but the gleam of personal independence that flashed out as that powerful political system was gathering up, and concentrating the elements of its life, was soon quenched ; its very remembrance was swept away by the surgings of those waves that soon began to sweep in from all sides crested with the *glories of the republic*.

There was indeed law to protect life and property, but that sleepless vigilance which is the soul of liberty, was early dethroned by the power and magnificence of the *State*, and personal independence lay pale and lifeless in the path of contending factions.

To be dazzled by the glitter of a diadem, to be allured by the pomp and show of Empire, or seduced by the attractions of power is a weakness to which patriotic integrity has sometimes yielded, but never without merited shame and dishonor. These first seduced the early Roman from his stern democratic virtues.

In nothing was the error of the Roman citizen more fatal to the growth of civil liberty, than when throwing aside his individuality, he rushed to the embrace of that stupendous *centralization* which filled the world with terror and wonder, it is true, but which absorbed every vestige of personal freedom, and which would lay a hand of violence on all that stood in its path. His rights as a man were gone—the state was every thing, the man nothing, and it mattered not that “he was a Roman citizen.”

True the ancient forms of liberty were still preserved, and in the miserable mockery of what was once the high privilege of a freeman, he strutted in fancied secrecy and independence. Yet in nothing did that independence receive a more effectual death blow, and in nothing is his degradation more deplorable, than when he is seen closing his eye to that high region of moral truth, and those classic beauties which his own genius disclosed before him, and prostituting the stern and vigorous energies of his mind to sustain the miserable scrambles of a party, or vindicate the low strategy of a demagogue.

But that nationality from whose soil sprung forth a towering centralization that shaded half the world, blighting every appearance of personal freedom, was in its turn destroyed, and its stately structures, and massive ruins were floated off on the wild and tossing sea of barbarism.

Mutation followed mutation in sad procession, until the sun of ancient civilization set in blood and gloom, and in the darkness of the night that followed, time gave birth to a new era.

Society was resolved again into its original elements, and all human interests, all social and all political elements were thrown together, in vague, terrible confusion.

Humanity commenced its progress anew amid anarchy, mis-

rule and disorder. But those wild and leading forces that swept like angry waters over the face of ancient civilization contained the stamina of a new and nobler life, and as they dashed here and there in the twilight that now began to quicken along the heavens, by every wave was tossed up the sparkling gems of personal freedom,—individual liberty.

Every surge that lashed some vestige of Roman civilization from its mooring, was borne onward by the new-born energies of strong and resistless private will and judgment. From these distracted scenes, from this chaotic jumble of all social and political elements, the car of progress moved out, starting on its track freighted with those treasures that have since enriched European civilization. For there in the bosom of that distraction lay potentially all that now characterises the politics and morals of the old world—and here of course begins alike the progress and the struggles of civil liberty in Europe; we say the struggles; for even in this new-born era was renewed the conflict between personal freedom and its opposite, a conflict not as before for the mastery, but a conflict for existence.

For though the sense of personal freedom, (the rude form of civil liberty) was strong and all pervading in the masses; though anarchy and misrule in consequence, displayed their gladiatorial process along the whole surface of society, let it not be supposed that no other influences were at work strengthening themselves in open direct antagonism.

The fourth century witnessed the final dismemberment of the Roman Empire and the wide spread prevalence of an almost unrestrained personal liberty; but the succeeding century gave birth to institutions, and revived memories and associations which quickly checked its unbridled license.

The Christian Church, organized in the midst of the Roman Empire, and partaking in the form of its temporal government and economy of many of the features of that political system, first introduced something of order, and the idea of government into the desolating distractions then prevailing. It not only revived and preserved the recollection of the glories of the Empire—its wealth and attractive power, but threw broadcast into society, principles and elements, which, though their truth may not be questioned when restricted to Ecclesiastical Government, went home with a paralyzing spell to the heart of personal freedom, and to the exercise of individual judgment and reason. The early separation of the governed and the govern-

ing power, the denial of any participation directly on the part of the governed, in the affairs of the government—the denial of the rights of private judgment, not only when it presumed to scan the system of faith, or question the attributes of the Church, but even when it dared to question the policy of temporal economy, were the sources of many bitter fruits that subsequently cost the Church dearly.

These prerogatives did not rest with her, where they may perhaps be consistently and safely asserted; they became controlling elements in civilization, they took fast hold on all social and political establishments. They were quickly extended into society, became cardinal principles of government in the State,—they were seized with avidity, and exercised with remorseless cruelty by every petty lord. It requires no lengthened process of reasoning to perceive how utterly inconsistent with the exercise of all civil liberty, of all individual freedom, are the exercise of such powers, at least out side of the Church.

Political establishments, however, there were none. Society was still unsettled and for three centuries continued to be convulsed by those dreadful disorders attending that incipient stage of government, when opposing systems are quickly rising and falling in the struggle for supremacy.

The principles of Church government were, however, preparing society for the prevalence of centralism. But there was another system at work, which, notwithstanding it has been excused as an inevitable result of the state of society, more silently and effectually retarded the progress of civil freedom than all other influences combined.

Starting forth about the seventh century, the Feudal System, by silent advances, spread itself over the whole of Europe, entered every avenue of society, grappled with every form of freedom, until the thirteenth century witnessed its full development, in the haughty step of the monarch, and the muttered curses of the peasant,—in the lash of the despot and the writhings of the slave.

Space will not permit us to lay bare the complex machinery of this violent and unnatural system. It is sufficient for those who regard civil liberty as the development and protection of *individual rights*; for such it is enough to know that in the caprice and arbitrary will of the lord which this system sustained, and in the strong tendency to casts which it engendered, nothing but the liberty to oppress and violate the sanctity of private *right*, was legitimately produced.

Let it not be supposed, however, that during all this time, that God-like activity within us, which is ever whispering to man the lessons of self-government, ever telling to him the tale of his sublime origin, and his high destiny, had been crushed and broken; let it not be supposed that the lone but quickly beating heart of personal independence shrunk back appalled at the cumbrous appliances and close linked chains of the Feudal System. Every step in the progress of that system was marked with blood. Every movement of the minutest fibres of its huge and bloated carcass was met by the despairing, but still proud protest of outraged right, and the cries of injured innocence.

And even from the bosom of the Church, that only element in this new-born civilization, that preserved amid the convulsions that prevailed, the idea of unity, of general authority, and of centralized power; even there in the persons of John Scotus, Roscelin, Abelard, and others, as they vindicated the claims of private judgment, and protested in favor of the rights of the individual, here in these mighty intellects we have the assurance that the principle of personal freedom had not forsaken the course of history, but was still actively at work in the bosom of humanity. The assertions and protestations of these great men were not lost on the history of civilization, though they did not prevail. And their influence was soon felt to trouble that vast sea of opinion that had lain unruffled for ages, with agitations that would not be calm, and on which the power of the papacy could no longer lay the finger of its silence.

Still, however, no decided results were apparent. Indeed no period of European history is so barren in political event as that between the seventh and eleventh centuries. There was no distinct form of government, no monarchy, no democracy, no aristocracy, all were yet unformed, none were developed.

Up to the thirteenth century, there was nothing in European politics bearing the slightest resemblance to what we now know of government; there was nothing general, no public sentiment, no nationality. All political elements were in confusion, none were clear, distinct or defined. Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, theocracy, were all strangely, apparently inextricably commingled together.

But in the eleventh century these political elements, after the long night of their labor began to emerge from chaos, began to appear as active, operating agents in the strange, nameless condition of society. Still there was no intelligent

action on the part of either. There was no community of action, or of interest; all was local, and exclusive; society was split up into a thousand small communities, and beyond these men had no aspirations, no interests. To have attempted anything like a general system of government of any form, at that period, would have been madness.

Precisely, however, about this period, and coterminous with the important and revolutionizing feature in the Church, to which we have adverted, the whole religious and political aspect of Europe is shaken by the presence of a fact, which ere it passed away, had swept every avenue of civilization, broken every ligament of society and revealed phenomena which had hitherto lain almost unknown in the bosom of European life, but which was thereafter to rule its destinies. For at this moment the crusades present themselves.

Spreading with unexampled rapidity over Europe, and sweeping away in their far-reaching generality the local prejudices and habits that prevailed, they evolved in their action an activity whose power was henceforth to fashion the civilization of Europe. In the midst of the disorder and confusion produced by this sudden dethroning of prejudices, and local exclusiveness, as men and districts impelled by a common impulse, threw aside their feudal habits, and exclusiveness, and rallied to one common standard—in the midst of this overleaping of old barriers, and breaking down of old customs, the genius of empire is unchained and begins to concentrate the elements and energies of *nationality*. The storm now ceases its fury, but has swept off in its strength those wild disordered products, which had so long retarded the growth of the political elements of Europe, and these now began to put forth their vigorous activities, and there, over the cradle of modern Europe, gathered as to a stately prize, all political elements and struggle for the mastery.

The spirit of personal independence was abroad in Europe, its lofty presence was recognised in the republics of Italy, amid the bold passes of the Alps, in the Free Towns of Flanders in the south of France, and along the whole southern portion of Spain.

Personal independence had taken its distinct position as an active constituent element of civilization, it had embodied itself in a general, a nationized form, henceforth it becomes a centre around which gather the hopes and affections of men, but a centre too of circling hate.

Those who have been accustomed to view a principle under one form only may not recognise it again when embodied in a different form. He who has watched the nimble sports of the lightning on a summer evening's cloud, may not recognise the same agency that was throned in the blinding flash and crashing thunders of a gathering storm.

Those who have contemplated the lawless displays of personal freedom in the third, fourth and fifth centuries, may not detect the embodiment of the same principle in the refinements and elegance of the Italian republics, or in the order and sobriety of the Hanseatic League.

But the same heart was beating in each ; the same primary principle gave life and vigor alike to the anarchy that swept over the ruins of the Western Empire, to the brilliant but transient republics of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and to the still more perfect institutions of our own country. Such is the law of progress.

But contemporary with these developments of the democratic element, two other elements of society rise more clearly and distinctly to view, Monarchy and Aristocracy, and as each infant nation moved with the instincts of life, its first impulse of being was the signal for a fierce and bitter conflict around it, between these three opposing elements. And scarcely had civil liberty asserted its separate existence in Europe, than the crusades of Simon De Motfort on the Albigenses in the south, and the wars of the Dukes of Burgundy on the Free Towns of Flanders, gave evidence that whether struggling for existence in the formation of Empire, or whether triumphant there it imparted its own distinct characteristics to nationality, in either case was civil liberty doomed to a remorseless, an uncompromising warfare. But whilst civil liberty thus dotted Europe with green places, amid whose freshness the historian still loves to linger, strong and rapid tendencies were lashing pure monarchies into being, and powerful recoils were concentrating the strength of aristocracy.

Democracy and monarchy were, however, the only powers that gave controlling features at this period to the politics of any nation ; but almost simultaneous with these displays, arose the States General of France, the Cortes of Spain, and the Parliament of England, institutions which are generally supposed to represent the popular or democratic interest in the governments in which they prevail. Never was there a more monstrous error.

One glance at the true state of society reveals an entirely different character.

Let us look upon the close of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth centuries. Grave mists of passion and licentiousness roll up before the splendors of the republics, and the courage and energy that sustained them and which was once "equal to any fortune," now quails before the iron hand of monarchy. The step of royalty grows firmer along the paths of history. Kings hold a language unheard during the preceding centuries, a language that rouses the proud spirit of the nobility to a sense of that danger to themselves, lurking beneath the kindred features of royal power.

The haughty step of the monarch resounding through the halls of the Baron, is prophetic with absolute power.

In this situation of peril, the Cortes of Spain, States General of France, and Parliament of England, were barriers erected by the nobility to stave back the waves of absolutism, that threatened to sweep them off as a separate and distinct order in society; and though in this situation of danger they made some slight compromise with democracy, though they interposed the broad *Ægis* of wealth and power between the nation and the will of the monarch, yet that even-handed justice, that sacred regard for the principle of private *right*, that *equality* of right without either of which no man is secure, found no security among them. Even the boasted Magna Charta of England, whilst it secured the private rights of the Baron, was practically the political guarantee under which *he* continued to violate the rights of the peasant and with unholy hand to quench the fires of independence, which were ever and anon flashing from the depths of slavery around him.

They stood there powerful, operating protests against the claims of absolutism and the advances of centralism, but they exercised the most remorseless tyranny against the poor peasant.

They accomplished much in advance to roll back a dark cloud that was gathering over the path of civil liberty, but very seldom gave any direct encouragement to the principle, unless in situations of extreme peril to themselves, which as we shall see very soon, surrounded them.

For now far off in the future, where human foresight could scarcely penetrate, were preparing events, which, as they neared the stage where human interests and human passions were displaying their historic significance, stood clothed with deadly consequences to civil liberty.

From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century there floated over all Europe the bannered insignia of pure royalty, save only where here and there the hand of the nobility had inscribed the haughty denial of its own order.

But far above all these, sublime in its loneliness, with its high serene device and its imposing emblems wide displayed, streamed the untroubled flag of the Papacy. The republics were gone. The imposing show of royalty, the pomp of aristocracy, stood in stately order over Europe, but never failed to bow with conscious deference before the lone power, and solemn splendors of the Vatican.

But in the sixteenth century the same activity that shook the foundations of the Church in the eleventh century, again put forth its energies; again was unchained the spirit of individual freedom, and as it moved on in its strong and resistless energy, it jarred the whole system of society.

Another era began to quicken along the religious and political horizon, thrilling the ardors of a new life into Europe.

The banished thoughts and feelings of the eleventh century returned.

A glad shout went up from Europe and the friends of civil liberty hailed the event as the restoration of all that had been lost in the fourteenth century. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was achieved.

But strange and wonderful are the workings of the human mind when swayed by passion, and tossed by impulse. This gala day that dawned with such bright tints of hope, was quickly obscured, and the boundless sense of joy with which men hailed it, was soon turned to gloom, by gathering clouds which none foresaw, and which no human exertion could roll back.

Scarcely had the revolution of the sixteenth century weakened the power of the papacy, than *monarchy* made another fearful stride towards absolutism.

Kings and crowned heads everywhere, possessing the full measure of that personal ambition usually ascribed to the Popes, and perhaps but few of their virtues, seized on the broken fragments of ecclesiastical power, and laid a hand of iron on the very principle that had been so triumphantly vindicated in Germany, and which had released them from a conflict of ages.

The well known struggle between the Popes and Kings had at last closed and declared in favor of *monarchy*, but *civil liberty* lost all by the result.

The great protection to the rights of the people in the middle ages were undoubtedly the Popes, who never failed to take part with the people against the attempts of their monarchs to assume absolute power over them both in things temporal and things spiritual. Nor did an absolute monarchy exist in Europe until after the Reformation. In England the people were never more oppressed, and parliaments were never more cringing than under the Tudors.

And herein lies the significance of these States General, Cortes, and Parliaments, that they broke, in a great measure, the blow leveled by monarchy at all that stood in its path to absolute power.

They are still nothing more, however, than products of the courage of the nobility in asserting their own interests.

They represented but a small fraction of the nation, and that fraction too often rivaled the tyranny of the monarch in outraging the less conspicuous, but no less *sacred* rights of the individual.

Despotism was everywhere triumphant in temporal concerns; there was, if possible, still less hope on the religious side.

Scarcely had the Reformers advanced one step in the new path they had carved with so much toil for themselves, than elated with success, and inflamed with the ardors of the struggle from which they had just risen, they turned a scowling look of intolerance alike on their antagonists, and on those who, like themselves, dared to assert the principles of private judgment.

The execution of Servetus, by counsel of John Calvin, and the sanction to that act, by the mild and clear sighted Melancthon, is a conspicuous, but by no means a singular instance of the spirit that pervaded the whole Protestant side of religion.

We whose infancy has been horrified with nursery tales about the rack and stake, and who have been primed in all the terrors of the Smithfield fires, require no mention in this place of the Catholic persecutions.

A remorseless spirit of intolerance blinded by superstition, and inflamed by a bigoted rivalry, filled Europe with scenes, over which religion still weeps, and at which humanity will ever shudder; scenes over which charity has vainly attempted to throw the mantle of oblivion.

The spirit of despotism, sustained by the ambition of Kings and fostered in the bosom of the Church, was rioting on the vitals of civilization.

He who would fly to society from the rage of a monarch,

was greeted there with a hand reeking with the warm blood of innocence, or welcomed with the cold marble visaged countenance of persecution.

Did Kings fail to complete the system of despotism, *society* made the measure full to overflowing.

Did absolutism lose one inch of ground; society would reenact the scenes that trailed the banners of freedom low in the dust in Greece. For again did society with its thousand tongues cry "crucify," and again did civil liberty bow its head in death.

The conflict of a thousand years had ended in defeat and ruin. Civil liberty ceased to be a fact in Europe. The governments that had once stood forth as its embodiment had gone down amid internal dissension, the mad strifes of ambition, the corruptions of party, and the intrigues of foreign power. All had disappeared—save only one lone spot, the little republic of San Marino, which had survived the revolutions of the times, and which still stands a singular instance of the strength that lies in virtue.

All was lost in Europe—but "westward the star of empire takes its way," and whilst kings were sacrificing all that stood in their way to absolute power, and religious strifes were distracting and desolating the nations, all Europe was startled by the grand attitude of her exile.

Then commenced a struggle in which despotism had followed to a new theatre of action the victim that she vainly imagined lay lifeless on her stupendous altars in Europe.

A struggle in which the spirit of personal independence, the sentiment of individual freedom, striving as it had been for ages for a permanent embodiment, came off victor, but covered with the dust and scars of a thousand conflicts.

Civil liberty at last stands embodied in institutions whose stability and growing importance seem to promise that they shall give the full and last development of the idea.

But civil liberty has just fairly started on its track; its most important history has yet to be written.

Already are its phenomenal displays writing change and revolution on the history of our country. A law called "progress," is actively at work in our midst; its path is marked with the falling of old political establishments and the rising of new ones, with broad innovations on long established rules and ideas, with revolution and change in all directions.

But this same law of progress is working a less palpable,

but far more significant change in sentiment and idea, in another direction.

Men who have accustomed themselves to view despotism embodied in monarchies alone, suppose it can assume no other form. But Protean like it can take a thousand shapes, and as well in the hoarse clamor of the mob, or in the boisterous declamation of the rising demagogue, as in the frown of an emperor, may it live and riot on the liberties and sacred rights of man.

The same powerful arm that struck liberty to the earth in Greece, is growing strong in our own midst.

"The progress of popular opinions" vesting in *majorities*, the decision of those questions no longer of *policy* merely, but of political *right*, which the early statesmen left to the test of stern principle, is yearly making silent inroads on those private, but sacred individual rights which are the dearest treasures of a freeman.

Society under the name of majorities is becoming every thing; the mere man and his rights nothing. *Centralization* too, that most captivating but baleful of all tendencies, is making fearful strides among us; and let him who would know the power and despotism of this tendency, go and read his lesson in the deplorable fate of the once free, and ever gifted Roman.

But it does not rest here. The tide of emigration that has rolled for years on our shores, is commencing to pour into the lap of our country the active energies of European life. All the antagonisms and extremes of political life displayed there, are thrown together here, and fresh from the scenes of their triumphs or defeats are boldly debating their claims and contending for separate existences.

The civilization of Europe presents a variety of distinct, social, political and mental aspects and developments which flourish nowhere else in greater vigor. There each nation has some element of civilization, some peculiarity of thought, exclusively its own. Presenting as they do so many diversified modes of thought and aspects of politics and society, we may better conceive of, than describe the result, were these manifold diversities concentrated in the character of a single nationality, investing it with the splendors that repose in such rich profusion there, and clothing it with a mantle woven by the combined energies of the world. Yet such is indeed the aspect that is slowly but surely rising to view in America.

Much that is wild and visionary, much too that is substantial and politic in the organisms of the old world; in a word, all the conflicting tendencies, all the antagonisms of European life, are gathering up their energies here, and like the strong currents of adverse tides, are imparting a novel but momentous aspect to the general features of our nationality. What is to be the result when oppression shall have driven to our shores the active and the brave, those who are ever striking out some new and bold lines of action,—those who so fearlessly and restlessly attack existing institutions, and rise high amid the tottering of empires, and the crash of thrones—what new feature is to be graven on our nationality, when these powerful activities shall be thrown with unfettered arms in our midst, cannot be foreseen by the most comprehensive foresight.

And when too all that is splendid in Literature, all that is profound or seductive in philosophy, and all that is brilliant in science in the old world, shall be brought over and blended together in the new, it will produce a scene, which only a heaven-born genius may describe, but a scene that must differ widely from what we now behold.

It is fearful to reflect, that over this brilliant and fascinating spectacle, the sentiment of personal freedom may seldom pass.

It is a sad truth that science, literature and philosophy have very seldom thrown a single glance in their proud careers, on the difficult problem of harmonizing the conflict between the duties of the government and the citizen,—of reconciling and defining the rights of societies, and the rights of the individual.

It seems to offer but little encouragement to the sincere friend of freedom, that to European thinking, that problem has long been a stranger; and that the obscure but vital interest of individual rights, may be entirely overlooked in the growing magnificence, and dazzling splendors of the republic.

He may, however, lean on one thing, and trust, that the nationality that grounds itself on individual freedom, the same nationality that has hitherto presided with so much efficiency over the discordant elements already disclosed, will rule on, its controlling forces unimpaired.

There are times indeed when the citizen seems to doubt that efficiency, when the ship of state is groaning under the lashings of political strife, and her masts are quivering before the storms of distraction, he may turn with faltering confidence

to that lone power that has hitherto guided her through the storm.

But let him remember, that ever amid scenes of peril and danger have the most vigorous energies of personal independence been put forth, and its proudest triumphs displayed ; let him remember, that it possesses an energy whose noblest manifestations have been made under the darkest auspices—whose power rides serenest amid the wildest dashings of danger.

Let the American Freeman take lesson from the past. Let him avoid absolutism in all its forms, and remember that societies and communities or what has come to be the same thing, *majorities* may exercise the same utter disregard for principle and right, the same tyranny, that has rendered monarchy synonymous with despotism.

Let him shun the error of the Roman, and avoid the seductive and deadly influences of centralization.

And finally let it never be forgotten, that government derives its powers from the people, that it can confer no right, no power on the people ; and that there can never be justly any conflict or repugnance between the rights of government and the rights of the citizen.

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SHORT NOTICES.

ANCIENT CHRISTIANITY EXEMPLIFIED in the *Private, Domestic, Social and Civil Life of the Primitive Christians, and in the Original Institutions, Offices, Ordinances and Rites of the Church.* By Lyman Coleman. Philadelphia: Lippencott, Grambo & Co., 1853. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 645.

THERE are questions that come up for solution in every age of the world's history. In this sense, each has its mission to fulfil, whether it meets that duty willingly or unwillingly. Often, indeed, this is misunderstood; and a knowledge of what it really is, specifically, is only arrived at, in some cases, by painful struggles to get free from some undefined responsibility, which the self-consciousness of the age may vaguely feel is pressing upon it. The force of this historical necessity, may manifest itself in the upheavings that at times agitate the world, in the sphere of politics as well as in that of religion. In one sphere, at one time, there may be such questions as that of slavery, for instance, coming up in stubborn and fanatical agitation; and refusing to be quieted at the bidding even of a compromise, and clamorously demanding a final and satisfactory adjustment. Then, in the other, there are not wanting, in different forms, the Church problems equally imperative in calling for earnest attention, with a view to their ultimate solution. And by way of eminence, that which thrusts itself upon our attention, has been denominated, "*The Church Question*," or *questio vexata*. The Polemical and Historical sides of Theology, more than the Dogmatical and Apologetical, seem to be called for in meeting the wants of our age.

Somewhat conscious of this want, the author of "*Christian Antiquities*" endeavors, in part, to meet the demand by re-writing that work, and presenting it to us under the changed title, as given above. The service thus rendered is doubtless valuable. But unfortunately, however, for the permanent and scientific advantage which might be expected to accrue from a work of this kind, the Puritan glasses of the author were not laid aside; and consequently the coloring, which they give to Ancient Christianity, tinges the whole book. On this account, however, it may be considered by some to be invested with

peculiar value. In controversy, truth is not always sought after for its own sake, and it is often made to wear a dress suited to some party prejudices and preconceived notions. Our author in the preface says: "The views of an ancient edifice vary with every change of position on the part of the observer, each point of observation brings out on the foreground, in bold relief, one pinnacle, and sinks and shades another: so an author's point of observation shades and groups his portraiture of the ancient Church. Our stand-point is that of a decided dissenter from the dogmas and doctrines of Episcopacy and prelacy respecting the government, worship, discipline, and usages of the apostolical and primitive Churches." Jaundiced eyes do not more certainly make all objects yellow, than do such prejudices prevent us from seeing the primitive Church in its real character and constitution. It doubtless requires no small share of Puritan bias to make Early Christianity to be one and the same thing, identically, with modern American Puritanism. For, if there be any one fact plain in the history of the early Church, it is, that it contained the germ of all the subsequent forms of Church life. The undeveloped Mediaeval Church was there, and in this again, was contained the Church of modern times.

The general plan of the book is good; the manner of treating the subject is extensive, varied and natural. The work will doubtless be welcomed by many to a place among the Theological Literature of our country.

R.

THE PROPHETS AND KINGS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. *By Frederick Denison Maurice, Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, and Professor of Divinity in King's College, London. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. New York: Charles S. Francis, & Co., 1853. pp. 466.*

IF we mistake not, this handsome volume is filled with matter far above the average contents of modern books. Its author has taken rank above the ordinary class of thinkers, and belongs to that class, who draw largely upon German resources. This book is made up of a series of sermons preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn. Their main object seems to be: to restore the wavering faith of the upper and middle classes, and to lift the lower class out of the pit into which they have been allowed to sink. By answering a series of questions, the author would afford help to "the gentler and feminine spirits,"

and thus prevent them from the necessity of trying to get it from the Pope. He would also prevent speculative spirits from becoming Pantheists, and the people from becoming Atheists. While the author avows himself in direct opposition to those in his own country and in America, "who make it their business to copy German models," yet he cannot deny his indebtedness to German learning for help, nor will he pronounce an unjust sentence upon the Theologians of that nation. Whatever he re-produces from this source, he seems to have the ability to invest with freshness and vigor. R.

THE BIBLE, THE MISSAL, AND THE BREVIARY ; or, *Ritualism self-illustrated in the Liturgical Books of Rome : containing the text of the entire Roman Missal, Rubrics and Prefaces, translated from the Latin ; with preliminary dissertations, and notes from the Breviary, Pontifical, etc.* By Rev. George Lewis Ormiston. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. London : Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Philadelphia: Smith & English. 1853. 2 vols. 8 vo. pp. 809.

HERE is another work called forth by the great controversy now, for the most part so violently, carried on between Roman Catholics and Protestants. At first sight of the title some might perhaps mistake, or at least be in doubt, as to which side it favors.

It is a common complaint urged by Roman Catholic controversialists against their Protestant opponents, that there is much palpable and gross ignorance of what their Church really holds and teaches. In many cases this charge is undeniably of too much force for the credit of Protestants. Not only are many of them to a great extent ignorant of what that Church is in the present time, but much more so in regard to its history, from the earliest times, and especially as it existed in the mediæval period. Modern Protestants, in this respect, are in strong contrast with their fathers of the Reformation ; for they, unquestionably were far superior in learning and ability to their antagonists, the champions of Rome. It was only in subsequent centuries that the contrary in a measure came to obtain. This results, doubtless, in no inconsiderable degree, from the fact that the spirit of extreme anti-popery sentiments prevents liberal investigation. For fear of losing caste, forsooth, in popular common-sense Protestantism, this spirit takes good care to avoid all charge of "Romanizing tendency," by

eschewing everything that is not rank with radical protestation against Catholicism. It is as good as a prohibitory "Index," in preventing all knowledge of Catholic books, from the Catechism of the Council of Trent down to the veriest primer. But here, the faithful and obedient sons of the Pope can boast no advantage. They really have an "Index," and they *dare not* read Protestant books whose titles are registered there. They are consequently notoriously ignorant, if we may except their converts from the Reformation Churches, of the genius of the better forms of Protestantism.

The work before us is Protestant—stoutly opposing the abuses of the Roman Church, but withal not quite so rabid as some platform declaimers might wish it to be. The first volume is made up of dissertations on the *Missale Romanum*, *Breviarium Romanum*, *Rituale Romanum*, et *Pontificale Romanum*. In this is doubtless much that is interesting and new to the general Protestant reader. All that is found here is not total corruption. Along with a "general defect," which the author finds in the Missal, he says: "In the confession of sin, in the expression of feelings of a contrite heart, and in all the utterances of penitential devotion, the Missal excels. We have already referred to those prayers, called preparatory prayers, for the private use of the priest, before and after mass, as amongst the purest expressions of genuine devotion, humble, yet confiding, conscious of weakness, yet conscious also where strength is laid up for the believer. For a tone of devotion superior, or like these, the Christian must go to the Songs of Zion—that inspired liturgy of all ages." "In the priest's prayers *before and after* the mass, Christ, and Christ alone is exalted."

Of the Breviary he does not speak so favorably. "Our first impressions on opening the Breviary were quite different from what they now are, and strongly inclined us to soften the charge of hiding Scripture from her priesthood." Only mutilated parts of the Bible are there given, and often distorted to serve a particular purpose. All these together, do not make up a complete Bible. "But this mutilated Bible of the Breviary gives to the priest at least an entire Psalter, and in doing so, has provided devotionally, for the piety of God's own people in her pale." "Along with such vain expositions, the patristic lessons of the Breviary contain much that is excellent, both in matter and manner, that has delighted and instructed the Church in all ages, by their genius and piety."

The second volume contains a translation entire, of the Roman Missal Restored, according to the Decree of the Most Holy Council of Trent : published by order of the Holy Pius V. and revised by authority of Pope Clement VIII. and Urban VIII. augmented with the New Masses granted by the indulgence of the Apostolic See.

The specific object of the book is to enable any plain man to "see the Bible and the Breviary, Ritualism and Spiritual Christianity confronted." The idea here seems to be the common mistake that "in this controversy, Formalism and Puritanism are the great antagonistic principles ; the one striving for a sensuous, the other for a spiritual religion." In its last results, however, this purely spiritualistic tendency, for the most part, reaches a point that is a sheer mental abstraction. Indeed, in its best form, it is only the common-sense religion, and surely we need nothing more *common* than that.

R.

REGENERATION. *By Edmund H. Sears. Printed for the American Unitarian Association. Boston : Crosby, Nichols & Co., 1853. pp. 248.*

THE author has written this treatise, we are told, at the request of the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association. It is intimated that they do not endorse the book entire ; yet "they publish it, because they believe that the clearness and strength with which it states and enforces the great practical doctrines of Christianity, and the beauty and power with which it portrays and recommends the profoundest religious experience, will secure and reward a thorough study." The mechanical execution of the book is very commendable ; and indeed, the mechanical seems to be its main characteristic, in more respects than one. It is divided into three general parts, treating respectively, of the Natural Man, the Spiritual Nature, and the New Man. The style by turns is clear, fresh, practical, hypothetical, and even quasi sentimental.

A more thorough study than we have been able to give it, would probably be required to bring all the parts and positions into organic harmony. Writing from a Unitarian stand-point, and in the service of that Association, the author, of course, denies the Personality of the Holy Ghost. This he is shut up to, for the purpose mainly, of making God to be a unity in person as well as in essence ; and yet he allows another Divine Personality, in the "Author of Christianity," who is "not

an inspired prophet but a Divine Man." He allows too, that in Jesus Christ is a union of the Divine Nature with the Human, "so that in him are revealed at the same time a perfect humanity and an all-perfect Divinity." For our author, the Divine Incarnation may involve mysteries, yet it involves no contradiction. But if there can be but one Divine Personality, then it were evidently as much a contradiction, according to his scheme, to allow Personality to the "Divine Word made flesh," as to predicate it of the Holy Ghost. The doctrine of the Personality of the Holy Ghost is called "an abortion of the human intellect." But if according to our author the Holy Ghost be only a spiritual influence, (and that too in a sort of pantheistic sense) how can we yet commit an unpardonable sin against that mere influence?

The practical features of the book run out at times into the boldest subjectivity; and but little sympathy is shown for "those petrifications, called creeds, the cooling down of religious sentiment into solid crust." The whole scheme of regeneration here set forth seems to require a special revelation from God to every individual man, by a spiritual influence acting directly and immediately upon the soul—and not as mediated through the sacred ordinances of Christ's body, the Church. The book is not without interest. It is certainly suggestive;—as representing the rottenness of the system in whose aid it appears.

R.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: or the year book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1853. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1853. pp. 411.

THIS is the fourth annual contribution to this department of knowledge. It proposes to exhibit the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, Geography, Antiquities, &c., &c. The work is edited by *David A. Wells, A. M.*, and is ornamented with a fine engraved likeness of Professor A. D. Bache. The editor assures the reader, that he has "endeavored to present as faithful an abstract of the progress of science and the useful arts during the year 1852, as the limits of the present volume would allow." And a somewhat hasty survey of the book, has given us no occasion to find special fault with the manner in which these facts are compiled. Prefixed to the Annual, are "Notes by the editor on the Progress of Science in 1852." The book

will doubtless prove interesting to those engaged in the study and pursuit of Natural Science. R.

XENOPHON'S MEMORABILIA, with Notes and an Introduction by Prof. R. D. C. Robbins. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WE have here another text book in Greek, printed in beautiful, clear and plain type. Had such been always in use, many a scholar's eyes might better have stood the preparation of "the Greek lesson." We know of at least one who would have been glad to have had such. The text of the present edition is based on that of Kühner. The notes, as far as we have looked into them, are, *ad rem*, judicious and appropriate. —Some editions of the classics, at least according to our early impressions, have copious notes on the "easy parts," while the knotty points for the most part are left untouched. Prof. Robbins renders his really useful. R.

THE CHILD'S MATINS AND VESPERS.—By a Mother. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co., 1853. pp. 159.

THIS book is designed as a devotional manual for children. Probably the best part of it, about one third, is made up of select passages from the Bible, in which the *promises* of the Lord are plainly set forth. There is in all the prayers and pious meditations given, too little of the Incarnate Word, the God-man.

The above books can be had at the Book-store of Smith & English, No. 36, North 6th Street, Philadelphia. R.

LESSONS IN PROVERBS; being the substance of Lectures delivered to Young Men's Societies at Portsmouth and elsewhere. By Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D., author of "The Study of Words," &c.; Vicar of Itchenstoke Hants; examining Chaplain of the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. Redfield, 110 and 112, Nassau Street, New York, 1853.

THE name of Trench guarantees thought and substance. He has indeed become a prolific writer, as any one will say, who has seen or read his "Miracles," "Parables," "Hulsean Lectures," "Star of the Wise Men," as well as his later small work on the "Study of Words." As a model of style, fluency of diction or nice sounds, he can have no claim; for he is forgetful of all such considerations, perhaps to a fault. But he may

yet be a model for all writers who would give us something more than a mere collection of words, however nice. There are many "masters of sentences" now-a-days, who by studying him, or some one like him, might become "masters of *of thought*," which is a far better title, we think. Trench is rough, lubberly, rugged, and often obscure, as a consequence of manifest carelessness; but thoughtful, his words always meaningful and significant, quoting learnedly and abounding in rich and choice ideas, dug up from far below. You feel continually, that you are reading a scholar's production, and are not left in doubt, for a moment, as to its real value. There is substance enough contained, even in his smallest work, to set up a whole score of books of a certain popular cast, which, of course, is not very complimentary to the current literature. Such books may not win the praises of the crowd, who will at any time cast their notes for a poisoning novel or watery fustian, but still they will be enrolled in the catalogue of useful books, when their time-serving rivals shall be defunct. To say that he borrows largely from the German, is but to say, that he, at least, reads much and studies much, and is doing the English public signal services, by bringing his researches forward in his own original way. It were often better for some of our authors—if they *must* write—to present other men's thoughts, even in a far more dishonest way than can possibly be said of Trench, in preference to their own. We will not admit, however, that anything like a charge of plagiarism can be sustained against this author; nothing more can it be said to be, than a faithful re-production of thoughts, suggested and collected from a long and careful course of reading. And if you would read useful things arrayed in quaint garb, study Trench. The book to which we immediately refer, is by no means one of his most important productions. It is thus far one of his latest, and written with a wholly popular view. Its direct object is to inform some, and remind others, that there is a meaning and history—an interesting and instructive history—in the common, daily proverbs of the country. It would be the means of exciting men to an examination and contemplation of those popular phrases of the English and other languages. It would have us not to take rough diamonds for stones, or, to treat as worthless shells that harbor gems. It would tell us that all Proverbs are monuments and characteristics of times and circumstances, and that in these precisely lies their history.

The volume contains six lectures: I. *The Form and Generation of Proverbs.* II. *The Proverbs of different Nations compared.* III. *The Poetry, Wit and Wisdom of Proverbs.* IV. *The Morality of Proverbs.* V. *The Theology of Proverbs*; to which is also added an *Appendix*, containing specimens of *Metrical Latin Proverbs of the Middle Ages.* Through all this he wades, at some length, in his own heavy but suggestive style, by bringing forward such a host of illustrations, that the reader cannot grow weary, and the author cannot fall under the condemnation of the Spanish proverb—that he *leaves nothing in his inkstand.* W.

PHILOSOPHY OF MYSTERIOUS AGENTS, HUMAN AND MUNDANE: or the *Dynamic Laws and Relations of Man.* Embracing the *Natural Philosophy of Phenomena*, styled "*Spiritual Manifestations.*" By E. C. Rogers. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12 mo. pp. 336.

We are truly thankful that the insane extravagance which is spawning upon us a so called "spiritual" literature, has incited to the production of the book before us. It is a patient, laborious, and scientific exploration of a region which has been left comparatively untouched, and which certainly promises to be rich in results. That region is sufficiently indicated by the title of the book. Even independently of explaining the phenomena of "spiritual rappings," the author has furnished a valuable contribution to the literature of a subject which future times will understand better than we do. But a satisfactory explanation of these phenomena we think he does give.

The movement of objects, the production of sounds and of sights without visible instruments, we think he shows conclusively, may be and are produced by a physical force associated with the human organism, which under peculiar conditions is made to emanate from that organism with a most terrible energy, and without any necessary conjunction with either spiritual or psychological agency. This force is the same as the "diamagnetism" of Faraday, and the "odic force" of Reichenbach. It is a book to study and be the wiser of; and we hope it will be carefully pondered by all intelligent persons whose minds have been discomposed by the puzzling phenomena of the "rappings" and the extravagant pretensions of "media," who claim to bring down spirits at their bidding.

C.